The Outlook

DECEMBER 4, 1918

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THE REDEMPTION OF BELGIUM AND OF ALSACE-LORRAINE

Brussels, Metz, Strasbourg—one week saw the reoccupation of these capital cities by their rightful possessors.

The royal progress of King Albert through Ghent, Antwerp, and finally Brussels, was the visible symbol that Belgium has triumphantly taken its place again among the nations of the world, and that its sacrifice, fortitude, and loyalty have met their reward. The ecstasy of the people as they strewed the path of the King and Queen with flowers and at every street corner sang the national anthem was the evidence, not only of that personal admiration which all the world feels toward the dauntless yet simple and modest sovereign, but of the personal affection and heartfelt devotion that a rejoicing family might feel at the return of its faithful and beloved head.

King Albert's address before the Belgian Parliament was worthy of a King who is statesman as well as hero. His first royal act was the announcement that the Government proposes to the Parliament that it should lower, by patriotic agreement, the ancient barriers and make the consultation of the nation a reality on the basis of equal suffrage for all men of the mature age required for the exercise of civil rights. The King pictured the future Belgium in these words:

> Belgium, victorious and freed from the neutrality that was imposed upon her by states which have been shattered to their foundations by war, will enjoy complete independence. Belgium, re-established in all its rights, will rule its destinies according to its aspirations and in full sovereignty.

The occasion was made peculiarly impressive by the presence the Cathedral, where a great Te Deum was sung, at the ceremonies in the Chamber of Parliament, and at the King's reception, of a group of men closely associated with Belgium's struggle against the German oppressor. Among them were the noble and devoted Cardinal Mercier, General Leman, the defender of Liège, Burgomaster Max, who sturdily withstood the Germans' treatment of Belgian citizens, and Brand Whitlock, the American Minister to Belgium, who worked hand in hand with all who tried to keep German arrogance within bounds, and who has written a narrative of the outrage on Belgium which every American should read.

Almost equally significant was the liberation of Metz and Strasbourg. Marshal Pétain, the victor of Verdun, led his army into the great stronghold of Lorraine. The statues of German rulers had disappeared overnight; the language of France was now freely spoken; in every way Metz showed that in an astonishingly large number of its people it was still, after the passage of forty-seven years, loyal to France. Strasbourg (hereafter the French spelling should be observed) showed equal enthusiasm in welcoming its liberators. Marshal Pétain had as his associate in taking possession of the city General Castelnau, who in the early part of the war saved Nancy from the Germans, and whose fine career as a soldier, reaching back to the time of the first Franco-Prussian War, has just been recognized by the grant of the title of Marshal. King Albert of Belgium took part also in the ceremonies at the Alsace capital. Descriptions of the rejoicing in Strasbourg show that the enthusiasm was spontaneous, and that it was evinced in a hundred picturesque ways, notably by the stretching of red, white, and blue ribbons across the streets and of gay dancing and singing throughout the night.

Our American troops have passed through Luxemburg, and, as we write, are over its borders and in German territory. A pleasing feature of the American entry into the city of Luxemburg was the presence of General Pershing and the young and beautiful Grand Duchess, who reviewed together the American troops as they passed. The people of the small country were evidently delighted to get rid of the Germans, and placed implicit confidence in General Pershing's pledge that the American occupation was temporary, that the local government and institutions would not be interfered with, nor the persons and property of the people molested.

THE GERMAN FLAG IS HAULED DOWN

"The German flag will be hauled down at sunset to-day. It will not be hoisted again without permission." This order was issued on the afternoon of November 21 by Admiral Beatty, Commander-in-Chief of the British fleet, from on board the Queen Elizabeth, his flagship, to seventy-one German warvessels surrendered under the terms of the armistice and then assembled in the waters of the Firth of Forth. The order was a correct and proper naval technicality in the process of taking over the ships. It was also symbolic of the triumph of the Allied sea power over Germany's dastardly sea warfare against non-combatants. Admiral Beatty was right when on that same night he directed a thanksgiving service to be held on his ship for "the victory Almighty God has vouchsafed," and when he declared in his address to the fleet that, although it had been deprived of the long, eagerly awaited opportunity to fight the enemy in the open, the sailors and officers had truly gained a victory over the sea power of the enemy.

The impressive scenes which attended the delivery of this mighty fleet of Germany and of all or nearly all of the submarines in her possession emphasize the truth of the theory of the supremacy of sea power. Although the British fleet fought only one sea battle of any importance during the four years of the war, it made victory possible—indeed, it may be argued that without it, aided by the American and French navies, victory would have been impossible. Only by keeping the German navy off the sea was it possible to convey millions of troops to Europe from England and America and to supply them with munitions. And not only by its superiority in ships and guns, but by its splendid equipment, its skill, readiness, and unwearying alertness month in and month out, night and day, the Allied fleet was able to keep the submarine menace within bounds. As one correspondent who witnessed the spectacle describes it:

> It was the passing of a whole fleet that marked the final ignoble abandonment of the vainglorious challenge to the naval supremacy of Britain. I watched the scene from the flagship of the British Commander-in-Chief. Never has a pageant so majestically demonstrated the might of Britain's navy. Australia, Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand had places in the spectacle. American and French warships were there, but, above all this, it was the day of the British navy's supreme reward for unceasing vigilance and unrelenting, noiseless pressure on the vitals of Germany.

GERMAN SEA BLUNDERS

No one can blame Germany for not risking a sea battle of the first magnitude. At sea she was outnumbered and outclassed. When she was at the point of military collapse, she half determined to stake her last throw on a Grand Fleet engagement, but her sailors rebelled against the sacrifice. But now it appears probable that her whole naval policy was wrong-headed.

The authority for this is the German naval critic Captain Persius. In a sensational article in the Berlin "Tageblatt," summarized in London despatches, Captain Persius says in effect that German naval men recognized perfectly after the defeat of the German fleet at the Battle of Skaggerak that it

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was folly even to think of risking a second general naval engagement. It is now admitted in Germany, although heretofore strenuously denied, that the German navy narrowly escaped destruction at that time, and owed that escape largely to favoring weather conditions.

The sound policy, then, Captain Persius points out, was perfectly obvious. It was to put every ounce of effort, every dollar of money, into building submarines, to flood the seas with submarines, and thus to starve England and retard English and American armies. But Admiral von Tirpitz was obstinate. He rejected advice and appeals, and continued to build battleships which are now incomplete and useless on the stocks. For this he used men and material which should have gone into submarines. The result was that when the Allies in the armistice asked that 160 submarines should be given up, Germany was humiliated by having to admit that she did not have so many. In 1917 only eighty-three submarines were constructed, while sixty-six were destroyed, says Captain Persius. The submarine losses were greater than the Allies supposed.

No wonder, after such naval leadership as this, that the German submarine crews threw their iron crosses overboard and sullenly and savagely showed their sense of disgrace. No wonder, either, that von Tirpitz has fled from his country, and that he chose as his place of self-internment Switzerland. He surely would not have been welcome in Holland, Norway, Sweden, or even Spain, for all those countries have suffered from the malignant attacks on neutral vessels which he ordered.

CONGRESS ENDS AND BEGINS

On November 21 Congress adjourned *sine die*. So expired the long session of the Sixty-fifth Congress. It had convened on the first Monday of last December and adjourned just in time to enable the members of Congress to present claims for traveling expenses at the rate of twenty cents a mile, to their homes and back so as to attend the new session. The date of the beginning of this new session is December 2 and it will continue until March 4, 1919.

The last days of the old session were signalized by some interesting events in the Senate. One was the introduction by Senator Lodge of a bill compelling the display of an indication on goods made in Germany as to their sources of manufacture. Many people do not favor such a bill. They think it an attempt to foster a still greater antipathy for Germany—and that is unnecessary.

Another event was the passage of the Emergency Agricultural Appropriation Bill and its signature by the President. This measure was chiefly notable because of the so-called "bone dry" amendment by which this country will apparently go "dry" after next July, to continue until demobilization is completed.

Still another event was the abandonment of the La Follette inquiry. This was an investigation into the alleged disloyal speech by Senator La Follette at St. Paul last winter. The inquiry has been dragging along for months. The result showed that while the speech might be regarded in an unfavorable light, it did not, in the opinion of the majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, constitute a basis for expulsion from the Senate. The vote was nine to two.

And one other event was the introduction by Senator Lewis, the Democratic whip, and generally regarded as the President's spokesman, of a resolution proposing that the Senate go on record as favoring Government ownership of inter-State railways, telegraph and telephone lines, coal and oil-producing agencies, ships, and other utilities. The introduction of this resolution followed the Government's taking over of the cable lines, under the act of Congress passed in 1916, this being, like the bone-dry amendment, a war measure. Thus we would seem to have an indication that some of those Socialistically inclined persons who surround the President are seeking to force upon the country a programme of greater State Socialism even than that under which we are perforce living in this latter day.

Finally there is the proposal of Senator Norris, of Nebraska, leader in the fight against Cannonism in the House of Representatives some years ago, to limit the seniority rule regarding conference-committee rank, and the further proposal to do away with seniority in committee assignments. This, we believe, would be in the interest of Democrats and Republicans, in both houses. Certainly the chairmen of committees should disregard seniority in naming conferees. And certainly we should end that rule of seniority which requires that when a man is once put upon a committee he shall be permitted to stay there until he voluntarily withdraws and shall be promoted as fast as those above him fall out. Mr. Norris's proposals were followed by so many signs of dismay on the part of the "Old Guard" as to make one feel that the dozen progressives who are pushing this matter may ultimately triumph. Certainly the rules they oppose disregard both democracy and efficiency and true representative government.

A NEW CAMPAIGN AGAINST CHILD LABOR

The attempt to limit the evils of child labor through National legislation has now reached a third stage. The first measure against this wrong of National proportions which should have National restraint was based on the power of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce. But this law was pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. There followed an attempt to regulate child labor as a war measure. But it is now evident that even if this bill were passed its effect would be only temporary. Finally, it is now proposed to strike under the taxing power of Congress at the abuse of children as laborers.

An amendment to the Revenue Bill has been introduced by Senator Pomerene, of Ohio; it puts a tax of ten per cent on net profits received from the sale of products in the making of which child labor has been employed in the way forbidden by the Act of 1916, which was declared unconstitutional—that is, labor of children under sixteen in mines and quarries, of children under fourteen in mills, workshops, canneries, and factories, and of children between fourteen and sixteen over eight hours a day or over six days a week, or before six in the morning or after seven at night. It is stated by the officers of the National Child Labor Committee that President Wilson hopes that a Federal measure dealing with child labor will be passed before this Congress ends, and it is believed that he approves the use of the Federal taxing power for this purpose. The Supreme Court in several decisions has sustained the view that the taxing power may be used for other purposes than for raising money. Chief Justice Marshall said, "The power to tax is the power to destroy," and there can be no doubt that such laws as that for a protective tariff or that for making it unprofitable to manufacture phosphorus matches may have as motives something quite different from the purpose of raising money. The National Child Labor Committee summarizes as follows the bearing of Constitutional provision as related to the taxing power:

> The taxing power of the Federal Government is subject to no limitations except those distinctly named in the Constitution. No export taxes can be levied, direct taxes must be levied in conformity with the rule of proportionality, and indirect taxes must be uniform. A tax on child labor products (because of the mode of production) would be an excise or indirect tax. The Supreme Court has interpreted uniformity as meaning geographical uniformity—the same rate must apply everywhere on the same products.

The pressure of war upon industry has had an injurious effect as regards the practice of permitting children to work at too early an age or under wrong conditions. At the same time the agitation against the evil has decreased in the several States. The right way to deal with the question is assuredly through action by the Nation itself. This is in the interest, not only of the child, but of industrial security. Mr. Lovejoy, Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, truly says: "The child laborer is the father of the man without a job or with only a poorly paid job. A common result of child labor is unemployment and poverty later in life, and discontent and rebellion are their natural consequences."

THE WISCONSIN IDEA

When we speak of "The Wisconsin Idea" we mean the people's university, or, rather, the university of the people.

In 1903 Charles Richard Van Hise, who died on November

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19, became President of the University of Wisconsin. He was born in that State, and naturally became a student at its great University. Later he acted as instructor of metallurgy and then became professor; afterwards he was made Professor of Mineralogy, and in 1890 was given the broader chair of Professor of Geology. He was not only a teacher but an investigator. As his books show, his researches produced results of great value.

The expansion of the University of Wisconsin under its late President has been striking. Nowhere, we believe, has there been such a popular enlargement of courses of instruction. These courses have been extended by correspondence, by municipal reference bureaus, by demonstration farms, and especially by public discussions in civic centers, clubs, churches, and farmers' institutes, with or without the University's lecturers. Thousands in the State are now receiving instruction in this way from the University. In the University itself men from the different State departments are studying political economy as applied to their specific branches. Some of the University professors are serving the State as members of various commissions. There has thus come about the practical extension plan which has given to the University of Wisconsin a great prestige.

The facilities of the University are open to both men and women. The admittance of women was an economic necessity. As the President of the University has said: "We took up coeducation simply because the women of the State asked for education and because the State could not afford two institutions."

The President of the University was well known throughout the industrial world. The scientific side of his investigations gradually came to be merged into the economic side. He was an acknowledged authority on questions of capital and labor. Some years ago, when the great wage schedule dispute broke out between the railways and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and it seemed as if transportation might practically be stopped because the contending forces could find no common meeting ground, a commission was formed to bring the factions together. Of this commission President Van Hise was made chairman. Owing to his incessant labor in patiently analyzing facts and arguments bearing upon the subject in formulating a report of the facts and recommendations, there was no strike. Both sides felt that an equitable decision had been reached.

The country can ill afford to lose this kind of man.

A USEFUL LIFE

Francis Ellington Leupp has just died. He was in his seventieth year. He was a New Yorker, a graduate of Williams College and of the Columbia School of Law.

He was one of the leading newspaper men of our time. During the fifteen years that the New York "Evening Post" had him as its Washington correspondent, his daily letters formed a chief feature of interest in that paper to its many readers. This may also be said of the articles later contributed by Mr. Leupp to The Outlook. No newspaper writer, we believe, was ever better informed, more independent, or better balanced.

To his ability as a writer Mr. Leupp added extraordinary ability as an administrator, a quality abundantly evident during his term as Indian Commissioner in the Roosevelt Administration. Mr. Leupp's enthusiasm for Civil Service Reform had brought him into close contact with Theodore Roosevelt (see Mr. Leupp's "The Man Roosevelt") when Mr. Roosevelt went to Washington in 1889 as Civil Service Commissioner, an intimacy which was to continue. No one could bring to his office a finer training than did Mr. Leupp. As a boy he had visited the Indian Reservations in New York State. As a young man he repeatedly visited the reservations clear to the Pacific. When he went to Washington, the members of Congress soon found him a "book of reference" on Indian affairs.

In 1895 Mr. Leupp's first Government service was performed when he was sent among the Utes in connection with a treaty by which their lands would be opened for settlement. The absolute confidence felt in him both by the Indians and by the Government led to other important Government missions among the Indians and finally to his appointment as Commissioner. He remained in office five years, and resigned only when it was seen that his health had broken down because of his strenuous devotion to duty. In his "The Indian and His Problem" we have a valuable contribution to that subject from one who knew what he was talking about. He was the first Indian Commissioner who ever got the Indians, as a whole, to stop drinking; he was the first who ever got them, as a whole, to go to work.

Mr. Leupp enjoyed in high degree the regard of men in the various Cabinets and Congresses of his day. This was signally shown in connection with the passage of the second Anti-Lottery Bill. It was in the Cleveland Administration. Mr. Cleveland would not sign measures about which he was not thoroughly informed. Certainly he declined to leave the White House at the end of a Congressional session to sign Eleven Hour and Fifty-nine Minute Bills. He was adamant in scorning any proposal for his signature after the stroke of twelve o'clock noon on March 4. During the last days of that particular session of Congress hundreds of measures had been crowded through and sent to the White House for signature. Among the very last to leave the Senate (to be particular, at 11:15 A.M., March 4, 1895) was the Anti-Lottery Bill. Some members of Congress, it was believed, in trying to kill that measure had managed to delay its journey to the White House until late enough to convince them that it would find its death there.

At this juncture Mr. Leupp acted. He was a friend of the measure. But, what is more, he was an intimate friend of Postmaster-General Bissell; he had assisted that official in preparing reports. Because of the large extent to which the lottery people had used the mails, the bill had also interested Mr. Bissell. The President held his Postmaster-General in high esteem. On March 4 Mr. Bissell was at the White House. The bill had started from the Capitol. Mr. Leupp telephoned to Mr. Bissell asking him to examine the measure and to recommend it to Mr. Cleveland for immediate signature. The President had entire confidence in Mr. Bissell's recommendation. The bill was signed at 11:58 A.M., the last but one measure to receive the President's signature before the stroke of twelve, the death knell to hundreds of other bills. Thus Mr. Leupp saved the situation. In particular he saved the contenders for the measure from another long campaign and a perhaps yet more doubtful issue.

Mr. Leupp was a fine example of what a newspaper man and publicist should be—alert, cool, honest, of high ideals, with a sense of humor, and a genius for making and keeping friends.

AN OBDURATE MORMON

Joseph F. Smith, for seventeen years President of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, died on November 19. He was a connecting link between the defiant, rebellious Mormonism of a generation ago and the present Mormonism, which complies outwardly with law, whatever encouragement there may be of secret polygamy. Smith was a boy when his uncle, the first Joseph Smith (founder, prophet, and fabricator of the Mormon faith and "discoverer" of the preposterous golden plates of the Book of Mormon), was shot to death by a mob in Missouri. With his family the boy fled to Utah. Brigham Young, the organizer and director of the "Mormon State," dared to call out his soldiers against United States troops sent to Utah, and young Smith was then old enough to march with the rebellious force. He became an officer of the church when he was only twenty; in a year was made a high priest, and later passed through all the grades of church and political preferment until he attained the presidency in 1901.

Smith was a stiff-necked polygamist. In a famous Congressional investigation into Mormonism he testified boldly that eleven children had been born to him since the passage of the Act making polygamy in the Territories unlawful, an Act which the Supreme Court declared valid. He stoutly maintained that it was his duty as a man and a religious leader to maintain and cherish each and all of his wives. At one time he suffered imprisonment for his obduracy. There seems to be some question as to the actual number of these wives; one account says he had six wives, thirty children, and a total progeny of ninety.

Polygamy was doomed to extinction as railways and civilization advanced into what Brigham Young hoped would remain

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a self-contained and isolated theocracy. It was slow in dying, and is not yet extinct. Joseph Smith was, however, one of the last, perhaps the last, open defenders of polygamous marriage as a holy institution.

THE LIBERATED NATIONS

For some time delegates representing some sixty million members of various peoples of Europe have been holding sessions in New York City. The peoples constitute a chain of nations lying between the Baltic, Adriatic, and Black Seas. They comprise Poles, Lithuanians, Czechoslovaks, Ukrainians, Ruthenians, Rumanians, Jugoslavs, Italian Irredentists, Albanians, and unredeemed Greeks.

These peoples constitute a kind of Mid-European Union, and they wish to be known by this name. Geographically and racially they form a barrier between Germany and the Persian Gulf.

They are not co-operating without difficulty, however. Already the Jugoslavs have threatened to withdraw and the Polish National Committee has served notice that it will withdraw membership in the Union if Ukrainian and Ruthenian troops continue to invade Polish territory in Galicia. But the Galician problem will, we believe, ultimately be equitably solved on the basis of nationality.

Again, each of these dozen nations composing the Union is itself more or less still in the process of self-determination. For instance, we shall see what the new Czechoslovakia does with that strip of northern Bohemia where the Germans are in the majority numerically and where they control the great industries. The German Bohemians have broken away from the new republican government at Prague and have organized their own government, with a capital at Reichenbach. The questions arise: Ought the Czechs to force these German Bohemians to remain under the Prague Government? Would not the Czechs thus violently violate their own principle of self-determination?

At the New York City meeting one of the matters discussed was access to the sea. There must be, it was agreed, for each of these nationalities free access to the sea, although it might be, as in the case of Czechoslovakia, for example, over some other friendly state.

It was also agreed that there must be a plebiscite in each country for the definite self-determination of future governments. In the opinion of the delegates, this plebiscite should be conducted, if possible, under American Army direction. Their confidence in America is touching. But again questions arise: Should a plebiscite be conducted under any foreign influence? If so, should we consent to the use of our soldiers? Could we spare enough for the task? Anyway, ought we to assume such a Big Brother relation?

While it might not seem wise to conduct any plebiscite practically under an American army of occupation, we must recognize that the liberated nations are bound together not only by the individual aspiration of each for liberty, but also by the common aspiration for and necessity of help from America. Each nation realizes that, because our aid is disinterested, it has more to gain from American protection than from any other. The thought that such protection may be forfeited by unworthy action will, we are sure, be a deterrent to such action. Moreover, a common aspiration and necessity should insure co-operation in the common task of nation-making and federating. The confidence expressed by the delegates that America will fulfill the tasks demanded of her lays upon us all a new burden and privilege.

Whether we will or no, the liberated nations are now on the international map. They represent a fairly united opinion concerning ordered liberty. The principles of this liberty have already been laid down by the Czechoslovakian Government, whose Declaration of Independence, inspired by our own and read at the Convention, was subscribed to by all of the delegates present.

We are thus witnessing the birth of a great new national democratic endeavor. Its geographical expression, curiously enough, coincides largely with that Mittel-Europa which Germany intended to found. Nor is it so much a birth as a rebirth. As President Wilson has well said, these nations "have existed in their souls, in their long determination to be free, and therefore we are about to witness not so much the birth of new nations as the return of souls to bodies that have been held captive."

A DESIRABLE MEMORIAL

We especially desire to call the attention of our readers to the suggestion made in the following letter which has just come to us:

> Can we not erect a statue in Paris or in New York, just the simple figure of an American lad, to typify the glorious soul of our country shown by those who, having the vision *from the first*, went in 1914 and 1915 and joined the French and British armies and fought by their side against the Beast?
>
> Surely every true American would be thankful to contribute to perpetuate the expression of our love for those who performed our heart's sacred desire in those first days.
>
> LORAINE VANDERPOOL HOMANS.
>
> Englewood, New Jersey, November 11, 1918.

The superb sacrifices and victories, the unsurpassed bearing and bravery, of the American Army in this war will never be forgotten by a proud and happy country, and we are sure that Mrs. Homans in making her suggestion does not in any way forget the incomparable achievements of the American soldier performed since April, 1917. But it is especially appropriate that there should be some tangible memorial for those Americans whose names do not appear on our own military records because they went into the war before we had such records. Large numbers of young Americans in the early days of the war joined the Royal Flying Corps, the Princess Patricia Regiment, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the Black Watch, the Coldstream Guards, the Irish Guards, the French Flying Legion, and the Chasseurs Alpins in the British and French land and air service. The famous Lafayette Escadrille in French aviation work was organized by two Harvard men, Norman Price and Frazier Curtis. The famous Foreign Legion of France contained a number of Americans who have left their mark not only upon the war but upon the memories of the French people.

Victor Chapman and Alan Seeger, the poet, are types of these men who gave their lives for France. As we have already recorded in these pages, Victor Chapman, a young graduate of Harvard, was a student of architecture in Paris when the war broke out. He immediately entered the Foreign Legion and passed the winter of 1914 and 1915 on the Somme, where he took part in several attacks. He then went into the aviation service and was killed in an air battle in 1916. His memory has been immortalized in a eulogy by Émile Boutroux, the most venerated philosopher in France, a eulogy which contained these words:

> Such is the devotion, such the elevation of view, such the simple and true grandeur of which the American soul is capable.

Perhaps Mrs. Homans's idea might take the form of a statue of Victor Chapman, dedicated not only to his memory but to the memory of all his American comrades who fought in the cause of liberty before there was an American Army which they could join.

MEMORIAL TREES

Some months ago the American Forestry Association received an appropriate suggestion with regard to honoring the dead. It took the form of the planting of avenues of memorial trees.

The suggestion, we are sure, will be widely followed. The city of Cleveland has already adopted it. The city fathers have changed the name of an important new residence street from North Boulevard to Liberty Row. This boulevard extends for several miles beginning at University Circle and Euclid Avenue and extending south and east through Shaker Lakes Park. The new street is to be lined with "Victory Oaks"—an oak tree for each Cleveland man or woman who has died in the service, each tree, when large enough, to bear a bronze tablet suitably inscribed. The ceremonies and a pageant in connection with the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

GERMAN NAVY
RUSSIA
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planting are to be given under the auspices of the Mayor's Advisory War Board, the Department of Public Parks, and the Division of Educational Extension, and are of course to be free to the public.

For community plantings in general the American Forestry Association announces that it is preparing small bronze plaques which may be used for each tree in such community planting and on which may be inserted the name of the particular soldier to be commemorated. The Association is also asking the Governors of all the States in the Union to co-operate in the plan of planting memorial trees along the transcontinental highways and public roads, and especially along avenues which connect "twin cities"—Albany and Troy, Minneapolis and St. Paul, for example.

Surely these are admirable plans. As Mr. Pack, President of the Association, says: "There could be nothing more appropriate than to have each State through which a motor highway passes plant 'Victory Oaks' or 'Victory Elms' for her soldiers who have died in battle. The motor has played a mighty part in the winning of the war, and it would be a fine thing for these highway organizations to take up plans for memorial trees. Then, too, wood has played a big part in victory. Our stocks must be replenished. With each State co-operating with the highway authorities, a living, age-long lesson would be taught to the coming generations as to the beauty and value of forestry."

AGRICULTURE IN SERBIA

Through Dr. Stoykovitch, Serbian Commissioner to this country, we have received an interesting statement from the Serbian Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. The Minister tells us about the district nurseries which existed in Serbia before the war. Every district in Serbia, it seems, was obliged to establish and maintain a nursery covering an area of some thirteen acres, the special aim being to help the small farms where the fruit and wine industries were the most important of any. The nurseries furnished fruit trees and vine-grafted plants of the better varieties; there were also courses of instruction there in the planting and pruning of fruit trees and vines and in the treatment of the diseases of plants. These courses were well patronized; indeed, it was rare to find a young farmer who had not taken advantage of them. Other agricultural branches, such as the breeding of cattle, were also represented. Every district nursery had all the agricultural implements necessary to the farmer. Moreover, the district nursery chief was accustomed to journey about his district, lecturing on different agricultural subjects at individual farms, demonstrating the use of various implements and explaining economical methods of farming to the people. Thus these nurseries contributed, not only to the increase of the number of orchards and vineyards, but also to the diffusing of practical agricultural and horticultural knowledge.

The destiny which overwhelmed all Serbian institutions did not spare the district nurseries. All the cattle, all the agricultural implements, all the material which these possessed, was either taken away or destroyed. Only empty ruined buildings indicate the location of the nurseries. And as to the Serbian farmers in general, not a single tool, instrument, or appliance of any kind remains. No animal or vegetable stock exists. Even the surface of the ground is destroyed. The Central Powers have made a clean sweep.

If we want to restore economic conditions in Serbia, the farmer certainly makes the primary appeal. We shall have to provide not only immediate food for the hungry, but we must provide seed, implements, and cattle. This necessity is particularly appealing in Serbia, because that country does not rely, as does Belgium, for instance, on manufactures as a prime industry, but upon agriculture. In order to live themselves and to feed the people the Serbian farmers must have plows and harrows, cultivators, drilling and spraying machines, grafting and pruning tools, saws, cutters, and all other necessary implements.

Serbia, indeed, will have to begin "from the ground up." Shall America help her? The office of the Serbian Relief Committee of America is at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE PRESIDENT, THE CABINET, BUREAUCRACY, AND THE COUNTRY

WE group under this heading our comments upon several recent and important public events because they are all symptoms of a deep-seated, although as yet only partially defined, change that is taking place in American political, social, and industrial institutions. This change depends upon the country's attitude towards a single fundamental principle which we shall point out later in this article.

THE CABINET

The first of these events is the resignation of Mr. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of Railroads, which was officially announced in Washington on November 22. He will leave the Treasury immediately, but will retain his charge of the railways until January first next. Mr. McAdoo is not only the President's son-in-law, but he has been the most prominent and in many respects the most important member of the President's Cabinet since the United States entered the war in the spring of 1917. Those who are interested in the details of his life and achievements will find them well stated in an article by one of his official associates, Theodore H. Price, which appeared in The Outlook of October 17, 1917.

He was born in Georgia fifty-four years ago, came to New York when he was about thirty, began the practice of law, but made his reputation as an executive and financier by the completion of the subway tubes under the Hudson River. His reputation with the plain people, who are not especially interested in the technical operations of finance, was secured by the establishment on the Hudson Tunnels Railway of the policy of civility and courtesy. This policy, which was not a mere figment of printed circulars, but became the actual operating characteristic of his company, he formulated in an announcement to the employees of his road, the gist of which is found in the following paragraphs:

> Attend strictly to your duties, answering questions when they are addressed to you. No matter if questions seem to you foolish, give civil replies.
>
> The amount of courtesy you display is going to have an important bearing upon the popularity of this road. The day of "the public be damned" policy is forever gone. It always was an objectionable and indefensible policy, and it will not be tolerated on this road under any conditions.

He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Mr. Wilson in 1913, and Director-General of the Railways when the Government took them over as a war measure on January 1, 1918. He has "made good" in both positions. Three things have made his administration notable.

First, his management of the Treasury in such a way as to prevent great financial disturbance. This he could not have done without the Federal Reserve Banking System. Credit for the formulation of the principles of this system is due to the late Senator Aldrich; credit for its legislative enactment is due to the President, and especially to Congressman Carter Glass; but Mr. McAdoo put the system into operation and has made it a practical success and given it an assured permanence.

Second, he devised and put into execution the Liberty Loans, and had the genius to see that a great governmental financial operation might be conducted in such a way as to appeal to the imagination of the people. These loans created and strengthened enthusiasm for the war by making all the people participants in it. Moreover, the Liberty Loans, with which Mr. McAdoo's name ought always to be connected, made the vast majority of the American people financial shareholders in the Government, and thus gave them a vested interest in its preservation. When every man in the United States is a capitalist, the danger of an unjust and bloody revolution against capitalists as such is greatly diminished.

Third, the transfer of the operation of the railways to the Government has been accomplished with the least possible disturbance. Most of us hardly realize that it has been made. As time goes on, even if the railways are returned to private management, this achievement of Mr. McAdoo's will be regarded as one of the great industrial events of history. Mr. McAdoo is not a financial theorist, nor has he written any great treatises

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on the subject, but his practical accomplishments ought to give his name association with such finance administrators as Turgot of France or Alexander Hamilton of our own Revolutionary period.

Mr. McAdoo's resignation came with a shock of surprise to the entire country. In the exchange of letters between himself and the President he states that he resigns because it is necessary for him to resume his work as a private citizen in order to restore for the benefit of his family his fortune, which has been diminished in the service of his country. The public, however, does not accept this as the real and controlling motive of his retirement.

BUREAUCRACY

The second event of great portent is the taking over by the Post Office Department, under Postmaster-General Burleson, of all oceanic cables, and perhaps of the wireless systems by the Navy Department, thus giving the Government control of all the means of rapid communication between the United States and foreign countries. This is done by the approval of the President under the law which authorized the President to assume control of all telegraph and telephone lines as a war measure. If this had been done during the period of active war, there would have been little or no surprise. But the country does not yet understand why, with the war practically ended, the Government has decided to extend, strengthen, and consolidate its control of hitherto private enterprises on the ostensible ground that the exigencies of war make it necessary.

In connection with the tightening of Government control over the telegraph, cable, and wireless, another event in Washington has attracted public attention. Mr. George Creel, the head of the Department of Public Information, a department created for the dissemination of war news, has been sent to the Peace Conference at Versailles with a complete organization of assistants, for the purpose, it is supposed, of preparing and sending to this country the official news and interpretation of the work of that great historic world congress. If the Government controls the cables and has its own body of official news gatherers and interpreters on hand, it has the power, whether it has the intention or not, of giving to the American people and withholding from them news, opinions, and criticisms of the acts of the Peace Conference. Americans have for a hundred years been so accustomed to a free press and the free expression of public opinion that it is hard for them to conceive that the Government has any carefully designed plan, now that peace has come, of controlling public opinion. Such intellectual despotism prevailed under the Romanoffs in Russia and under the Hohenzollerns in Prussia, but is impossible in free America, it is said. We agree that it is impossible for long, but it might be attempted. And the serious and dangerous thing about the taking over of the cables and the sending of the Creel organization is that it gives the Government *the power* to make the attempt. Against this the American press, without distinction of party, justly protests. No such power ought to be granted to a democratic government, no matter how benevolent and altruistic its motives may be.

THE PRESIDENT

The last event, and perhaps the most important of all, is the extension and elaboration of the plans for the President's visit to the Conference at Versailles. Last week we said that if his visit was a brief and personal one it would be of value to the United States, to Europe, and to himself. It now begins to appear that he is planning to make much more than a brief and personal visit. The plans have developed into those of a carefully organized, elaborate, and powerful ambassadorial expedition, an ambassadorial representation combined with executive powers. As an ambassador the President will represent the sentiments and views of the United States, and will negotiate the treaty which later he is himself to put into execution. There is steadily growing anxiety throughout the country as to the wisdom of this course.

This doubt is so well expressed by David Lawrence, the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," in the issue of that journal for November 25, that we reprint his article in another column. Mr. Lawrence, as we have said before in these pages, has had a somewhat intimate personal acquaintance with the President since the days when they were both at Princeton University, one as the head of the University, the other as an undergraduate. He is generally believed to be closer to the President than any other Washington correspondent, has constantly and ardently supported him during the war, and has sometimes written as though he were the President's chosen spokesman. What he has to say comes not from an antagonist, but from an admirer and supporter, and is therefore more than ordinarily significant.

THE COUNTRY

The doubts which Mr. Lawrence voices, and which are without question spreading throughout the country, are due to a growing appreciation that all these controversies, antagonisms, and changes turn upon the settlement of that fundamental principle of government to which we alluded in the opening paragraph of this article:

Shall the United States be a Socialistic National Republic in which every man's industrial activities are directed by the Government?

Or shall it be a representative democracy with local home rule as far as possible, in which private enterprise, private initiative, and private genius shall have full play in so far as free play is compatible with the general welfare, and shall the Government of this democracy be limited to protecting life, property, and general social well-being by regulation instead of by ownership and control?

The first view is that held by Marxian Socialists. The second view is that of those Americans who have been educated in the school of Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and John Marshall. The first conception has its roots in German, Russian, and to some extent Italian and French Socialism. The second conception has its roots in the long evolutionary period of Anglo-Saxon industrial, political, and social law. Theodore Roosevelt is the great modern protagonist in this country of the second or regulatory conception. Who will be the great American protagonist in this country of the Socialistic ownership conception? Will it be President Wilson?

During his first term he was apparently an individualistic Democrat, much more individualistic than Mr Roosevelt. His little but important book, "The New Freedom," made up largely of speeches delivered during the Presidential campaign of 1912, is an appeal for a return to individualism and an abandonment of the policy of combination or organization in industry. He regarded free competition as the best remedy for the evils of industrial despotism.

But the war has changed all that. Under its exigencies he has advocated a steadily growing Government control of industry. The Government, sometimes by command, sometimes by request, has told us what food we should eat, by what railways we should ship our goods, whether we might make or buy automobiles, on what days of the week we might run them, how much coal we might burn, what days we might go to our offices and what days we must close them, whether we might leave the country or not, and what things we might print in our newspapers. The country accepted this form of government as necessary to win the war. Will it accept it as necessary to frame and maintain peace? Shall our railways be given back to private owners? Shall manufacturers be permitted to make all the profits they can, subject to the demands of the law? Shall the prices of oil, wheat, coal, and other staple commodities be determined by the law of supply and demand, and is the Government to confine itself to such regulation of these great industries as is necessary to protect the community from the evils produced by unlimited monopolistic control? Or is the Government to continue to fix all production and prices?

This is the great question that confronts the country, and it must be settled by the country after deliberation, consideration, and due process of legislation. It cannot be and ought not to be settled by executive order. The President's demand that the country must elect his kind of representatives in Congress, his taking over of the cables and wireless, the elaboration of his visit to the Peace Conference, the resignation of Mr. McAdoo, who is perhaps the most outspoken member of the President's

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Cabinet, and the growing tendency of the President to make his plans without consultation either with the Senate or with the people—all these things have led thousands of Americans to ask, not as partisans but as free citizens, whether the President is not becoming, far more than is consistent with democratic welfare, an advocate of government by executive order.

THE OPPORTUNITY IN RUSSIA

The actual condition of affairs in Russia was described the other day in an address in New York by Prince Lvoff, who was the head of the Provisional Russian Government which came into power immediately after the abdication of the Czar. Prince Lvoff, as most of our readers know, is a sincere advocate of self-government and of sound democracy. He declared that his country has been "passing through terrible calamities;" that "there is complete anarchy in Russia;" and that this is the result of the "destructive activities of the Bolsheviki." This is a dark and true picture of the Russia of to-day. But hopeful opportunities for reconstruction and restoration are now open. The defeat of Germany and the crushing of autocracy the world over that is involved will react on Russia. Already the effects are evident. To quote Prince Lvoff again, "the patient is showing signs of convalescence." One source of hope for Russia is the fact that in the armistice conditions, and doubtless more in the future peace conditions, insistence upon the freeing of Russia from German influence, financial, political, and commercial, is and will be prominent.

The rule of the Bolsheviki is a rule of a minority led by unscrupulous fanatics, maintained by the bayonets of disbanded soldiers in the large centers, and now, according to all accounts, disgraced by wholesale political assassination. It does not now, and never did, represent the Russian people.

There are signs in Russia itself of the rising tide of revolt against anarchy. In the Ukraine, for instance, the former Dictator, Skoropadski, who stood for German domination and represented those of the Ukrainians who were affiliated with the Bolsheviki, has been overthrown. His successor, General Denikine, has established a Provisional Government bitterly opposed to all that the Bolsheviki represent. Whether Ukrainia will in the end prefer to remain independent or will join itself either directly or in a federated form to a restored and liberal Russia does not matter. The important thing now is that hereafter her influence will be thrown against the leaders who have reduced Russia to the condition described by Prince Lvoff.

At Omsk a change in government also has taken place. When despatches announced that Admiral Kolchak had become "Dictator," the word had an ominous sound. But on examination of the facts it appears that what has taken place has not been an overthrow of the All-Russian Government at Omsk, nor even a defeat of the Directorate of that Government, but simply a change of leadership, with special emphasis placed on the military and naval aspects of the movement. Kolchak himself has long been known as a bitter opponent of Bolshevism, and his address to the people of Russia announced the continued purpose of the Omsk Government to be "the conquest of Bolshevism and the organization of right and order so that the people can select the form of government they desire." That General Seminoff in Eastern Siberia disapproves of Kolchak probably comes from the fact that Eastern Siberia, now rid of Bolshevism locally, cares less for the idea of All-Russia than for that of an independent Siberia. It remains true, as the New York "Times" in a recent editorial well puts it, that "a friendly, rational Government has arisen in Siberia out of the chaos of the past two years. If it is assisted, in time it may well prove one of the most powerful guarantors of the peace which will be made at Versailles."

In the restoration of Russia America should play a leading part. Most emphatically the safety of world democracy is involved. The truth is that not only in Russia but throughout the world a struggle is going on, or threatened, between those who believe in self-government and those who plot class war. The contest is between rule by the people and rule by the proletariat. The issue is plainer in Russia than elsewhere, but it may clearly be seen beneath the surface in the revolutionary movements now going on in Germany. It is impending also in this country in the industrial questions which will follow the war. The Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. stand for the same idea; they do not want sane, moderate progress in the development of democracy; they do not even want Socialism as it is understood by its intelligent advocates. They want nothing more or less than the political and industrial supremacy of one class. This is the antithesis of democracy, just as much as autocracy is another antithesis of democracy and as capitalistic supremacy might be still another. The red flag, originally designed by the early Socialists to stand for blood brotherhood and human progress, is now becoming the flag of revolution and anarchy. And when those who are preaching class war demand the victory of the proletariat they do not use that mouth-filling word to represent the common people, nor even the working people, but only that portion of the working people who adopt their war cry and their flag.

It is against this class war that lovers of democracy and all representative governments must array themselves the world over. Just now Russia is the battleground. It is of incalculable importance that we should aid in making, especially in Russia, a government of the people, by the people, for the people, in Lincoln's meaning of these words, and not in the false interpretation upheld by such wild theorists and terrorists as now misgovern in Moscow and Petrograd.

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

There now exists a League of twenty-three civilized nations who have just brought to a successful issue four years "fighting for peace." This League includes all the civilized Powers who could join it with safety to themselves. It is bound together by no constitution, no formal treaties. Any member could leave it at any time. Two members have left it during the war—Russia and Rumania; Russia voluntarily, Rumania under compulsion. Its only bond of union is a common spirit and a common purpose. It is fluid like a river; its peoples, like the drops of water in a river, make one organization because they are all flowing toward the same harbor—justice, law, and peace among the nations.

Twelve of these twenty-three Powers have been active contributors of money and men—Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, Portugal, Japan, and the United States. These twelve nations have cooperated in this war as one people. American grains have supplied England, France, and Belgium with food; British ships have furnished transportation to American soldiers; American destroyers and submarine-chasers have co-operated with the British navy in affording protection to the world's commerce; American, English, and French soldiers have been brigaded together; and all have fought as one army and under one commander-in-chief. These twelve nations are now about to determine the conditions of a world peace. One of the questions before them is this: When those conditions are determined, shall the League be dissolved? Or shall it be continued, with such modifications as will tend to promote more than a European peace—a world peace?

The question whether we can make war impossible may be left to debating societies. The question of statesmen is, Can we make it easier to maintain peace and more difficult to provoke war?

Discredit has been thrown upon those who advocate a League of Nations by dreamers who wish to abolish Nationalism by substituting Internationalism; who wish to organize the world by creating a Republic of Nations. A Republic of Nations may grow, but it cannot be manufactured. It must be rooted in the supreme desires and intelligent purposes of the peoples of the various nations, or it will be powerless to resist the ambitions of monarchs and the passions of democracies. Indeed, the most difficult obstacle to such a League of Nations as is proposed is due to the doubt whether the nations are so far civilized that they can trust in each other's promises.

There was a league of nations before the war. Germany was a member of that league. Its constitution provided some safeguards against war and some rules for making war more humane than it had been in the past. Germany discarded this

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constitution as waste paper, declared that "necessity knows no law," acknowledged that she was going to commit an act of injustice to her neighbor, and trusted to repair it afterward. It is clear that no league to secure peace is of any value if it rests upon the promises of so faithless and unscrupulous a nation. It is clear, therefore, that any league to secure peace must be composed only of those nations who have a reasonable degree of confidence in each other's fidelity and integrity. We believe that those nations who have attained that degree of civilization can wisely form a league, the object of which will be to make it easier to maintain peace and more difficult to provoke war. But only those nations should unite in forming such a league that have demonstrated their moral power to endure self-sacrifice for the promotion of other interests than their own. Such demonstration has been furnished by the twelve nations that have contributed money and men to the prosecution of this war—Belgium, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, Portugal, Japan, and the United States. To such a league, once formed, other nations may be admitted, much as new States are admitted to the Union on evidence that they are likely to prove worthy members.

The object of such a League is not primarily to secure peace among the nations. It is primarily to secure justice. Charles Sumner, in his famous definition of war, says that its object is to determine a question of justice between the nations. The object of an International League is to find a better means than war to secure justice between the nations; it is to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force. In this respect it would follow the method which individuals and organizations have long since adopted for the purpose of determining questions of justice which may arise within the nation.

A dream of such a League has been entertained by poets from very early ages. The first practical proposal for such an organization in recent times was made by Edward Everett Hale in an address delivered at the Lake Mohonk Conference in favor of International Arbitration in 1895—twenty-three years ago—who pointed out with characteristic clearness that the first step toward such a League must be the organization of a Permanent International Court of Justice. This suggestion was taken up and brought before the Hague Conference by America, and eventually adopted. Such a Permanent Court was organized, and now exists.

If Germany and Austria had chosen to accede to the urgent request of Italy, France, Great Britain, Russia, and Serbia, and had submitted to this court the question whether Serbia had any responsibility for the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince, there would have been no war in Europe. The war in Europe has demonstrated the fact that the mere existence of a Court to which nations may submit their controversies is not enough. There must be some power, physical or moral, which will lead the nations to avail themselves of the offices of this Court.

But not all questions can be settled by a court of law, for courts do not create law, they interpret it. International law is analogous to the common law of Great Britain and the United States. Customs, habits, traditions, that have grown up in these two nations, which represent their common sense of what is right and just, are recognized by the community as having all the force of statute law. There is, or has been in the past, no common law in France because the habits, customs, and traditions of the various provinces in France are widely different. International law is simply the common law of nations—that is, the customs, habits, and traditions which are common to civilized nations. Questions sometimes arise on the solution of which these common customs throw no light. To secure justice and peace among nations it is necessary, not only to have a court to decide questions which are justiciable—that is, which can be tried by a court—but it is also necessary to have some method by which questions which arise between nations may be submitted to a Council of Nations, not for authoritative decision, but for consideration and advice.

Is there any way by which the decisions of the Court, or the judgment of the Council of Nations, can be enforced upon a nation that refuses to accept them? Is there no other remedy for war between individual nations than a war by the League to Enforce Peace against a recalcitrant nation? We think there are two other methods of enforcing the decisions of an International League—public opinion and economic outlawry.

The force of international public opinion has been strikingly illustrated in this war. The public opinion of the twenty-three civilized nations has reinforced the guns of Foch and Haig and Pershing. It has gotten behind the barrage of the Central Powers, appealed to the reason and aroused the conscience of the common people in the autocratic empires, destroyed the morale of their armies, contributed largely to their military defeat, and has been one cause of the abdication of their autocrats and the dissolution of their empires.

This power of international public opinion, which, after the experience of Germany and Austria, is not likely to be treated with contempt by any Power, can be reinforced without act of war, by non-intercourse. The London "Spectator," in its issue of October 26, 1918, contains an article on "The League of Nations," embodying suggestions for its constitution, and we can perhaps best indicate the nature of an edict of non-intercourse by quoting from this proposed constitution four articles:

> Any Power against which a Decree of Non-Intercourse is passed by the Council of the League shall be styled and regarded as an Outlawed Power.
>
> When a Power is outlawed all trade and other intercourse is forbidden between the Members of the League and the Outlawed Power.
>
> No ship belonging to any Member of the League shall enter the ports of an Outlawed Power, and if, at the time of the Declaration of Outlawry, any ship is in an outlawed port she shall withdraw as soon as possible.
>
> No ship belonging to an Outlawed Power is to be permitted to enter the ports of any Member of the League of Nations, and any ship in a port of Members of the League at the time of the issue of the Declaration shall be ordered to withdraw forthwith.

This would not be an act of war, though it might lead to war. For the outlawed nation might declare war against the League of Nations, though the League of Nations had not declared war against the outlawed nation.

This scheme will not satisfy those who hope to create at Versailles in January a League which will inaugurate the millennium, but it may satisfy those who are content with the humbler purpose of taking a first step toward making it easier to maintain peace and more difficult to provoke war. Other features have been variously proposed for this League of Nations. For example:

That the Council of Nations should be a permanent organization.

That there should be a representative Congress or Parliament to formulate rules of international law, a Parliament with perhaps at first only advisory powers.

That there should be an administrative organization for the conduct of affairs of common interest, the protection and care of backward nations, and other similar matters.

That there should be some provision for an International Tribunal before which individual citizens might bring complaints for any infringement of the fundamental rights of man in case of the violation of those rights by any one of the nations of the League.

That there should be an agreement according to which the nations would contribute naval and military forces for the protection of any member of the League against an unjust war.

That there should be an executive body able to speak in the name of the nations represented and to act in case the peace of the world were endangered.

These proposals we may take into consideration in future discussions. But in this article all we attempt to do is to indicate to skeptics that it is possible to promote a League of Nations without abolishing nationalism, to create an international machinery for the expression and the peaceful enforcement of international opinion without organizing offhand a federation of the world.

It takes twenty-one years to develop a man sufficiently to make him worthy to vote in a municipal, State, or National election. It is not to be expected that a Republic of Nations, able to guarantee the peace of the world, can be perfected in a six weeks' session of a Peace Conference.

The scheme to make a League of Nations is subject to very serious objections; but there are still more serious objections to

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the only alternative. Either the nations that can trust each other must find some way to co-operate permanently in maintaining justice, interpreting international law as the expression of justice, and enforcing a world peace founded on law and justice, or we shall be compelled to begin again the process of competitive armament, each one of the great Powers endeavoring to outarm its neighbors that it may be able to protect itself against them, and the era of rivalry, jealousy, suspicion, and fear, with all the accompanying train of evils, must again be initiated.

WHEN OUR BOYS COME MARCHING HOME

It is not long before the boys will be coming home. They will not be the same boys they were when they went away. No man can go through what they have gone through and come out unchanged. They have learned in the school of life some great lessons. Have we learned anything?

They have learned the meaning of brotherhood. To Americans who have fought by the side of Italians the Italian can never be a Dago. To Englishmen who have fought by the side of Frenchmen the Frenchman can never be Johnny Crapeau. To Anglo-Saxons who have fought by the side of East Indians the East Indian can never be a barbarian. On the battlefield the walls of class, of race, of creed, have been battered down. The prejudices have been dissolved in the atmosphere of a common service.

They have learned the value both of co-operation and of competition. The greatest combination America has ever known is the combination of four million American soldiers in co-operation with millions of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians fighting to make the world free. The keenest competition America has ever seen is that of individual soldiers competing with each other in a strife, not as to which could get the biggest booty or the highest honors, but as to which could render the largest and the most perilous service. No price has been too great for them to pay for the privilege of serving. There lies before me as I write the order of a commanding general of an American brigade, reporting to a mother the death of her son "somewhere in France:"

> During heavy bombardment of Brigade P. C. and vicinity, a very important message requiring secrecy, speed, and full conception of its importance was specially intrusted to this officer for delivery to regimental commander. Fearlessly braving the storm of hostile shells he delivered the message. Upon his way back to Brigade P. C. he was struck with shell fragment, severely wounded and rendered unconscious. Upon being picked up and carried to dressing station, he, with great, great effort, roused himself and requested the medical officer attending him to notify "—— that —— reports O. K.," lapsed back to unconsciousness, his single thought being the full and complete discharge of duty, disregarding his own serious condition.

When our boys, who in this spirit of self-forgetfulness have offered their lives in service to their fellow-men, return, what will they find in us? Will it be the old spirit of competition—every one for himself and the devil take the hindmost? or will it be the new spirit of service, a spirit which fuses co-operation and competition and makes of these aforetime enemies friends and allies?

Our boys have learned the reality and terribleness of sin. "Sin is lawlessness," says the Apostle. They have learned to hate lawlessness. They have seen a nation obsessed by self-conceit, proclaiming to the world through the official declaration of its Prime Minister that "necessity knows no law." They have seen the soldiers of that nation throwing off all self-restraint and giving themselves to their passions in disregard of the laws of war, the laws of nations, the laws of humanity, and the laws of God. In devastated lands, desolated homes, polluted and ruined churches, burned villages and towns, the anguish of helpless women and children robbed of their loved ones, our soldiers have seen written in language which they can never forget the solemn warning of the sacred writer: "Self-will, when it hath conceived, beareth lawlessness; and lawlessness, when it is full grown, bringeth forth death."

In their home country, America, a great and perhaps growing Church, bearing the name of Christian, has been telling them that there is no evil except in our own imaginings, that God is good and God is all, and therefore all is good. In some colleges and universities professors have been telling them that evil is only good in the making, that it is only immaturity, that time and growth cure all things. In current literature and current conversation they have been incited to think that the devil is not so bad as he is painted, and sanction to this doctrine has been given by great names. Said Hume: "Were one to go round the world with the intention of giving a good supper to the righteous and a sound drubbing to the wicked, he would frequently be embarrassed in his choice, and would find the merits and demerits of most men and women scarcely amount to the value of either." To these philosophies our soldier boys can never again give consent. They have seen too clearly the merits of virtue, they have realized too deeply the reality of wickedness, and they have learned to hate, with a relentless hatred, the spirit capable of the atrocities they have witnessed.

The battlefield experiences of the last two years have been a tremendous education of the American conscience abroad. What have they done to educate the American conscience at home? Have they called us out of our chambers of ease? Have they taught us to see things as they are? to realize that evil is not a figment of preachers, not a mere negative and harmless thing, but a living spirit incarnate in individual men and in masses of men? that Quilp and Iago are real men, and that a nation may become plague-stricken with an epidemic of ferocity? Will they find at home only a hatred of the Germans? or will they find a people who see a possible German in every braggart and every bully, and who hate the cruelties which grow rank on fields of peace as much as they hate those which grow on fields of battle, and those which grow on American soil as well as those which grow on the soil of Germany?

Our boys have learned that life is one long campaign; that good and evil are engaged in a life-and-death struggle; that so long as that struggle continues pacifism is disloyalty; and that it can never end except by the unconditional surrender of the forces of evil. They have learned that there can be no victory except by self-sacrifice. They have grown optimistic, not because "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world," but because God is in his world, the comrade of those who are making it all right; not because life is a peaceful and happy haven, but because the victory which can be won only by the shedding of blood is worth all the blood and tears it will cost. The enigmatical text, the puzzle of theologians for centuries, has gained for them a new significance: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Life has given to the doctrine of sacrifice for these boys a new and deeper meaning than theology had ever given to it.

From a private letter of one of our soldier boys, a good friend of mine, I am permitted to copy an extract. Two brothers, devoted to each other with an unusual devotion, were serving at the same point on the front, and both went "over the top" at almost the same time, though not together. One got back safely, though dangerously gassed; the other, wounded by a shell, was brought back to die. The living one writes:

> Would that I could tell you as much about ——, but I am still in doubt about his condition. The day before we went "over the top" he went on a patrol into No Man's Land after some Hun machine-gunners and snipers. I did not know that he had gone until he was brought into the trench on a stretcher at night, seriously wounded by machine-gun bullets. Despite the fact that he had lain out there alone for four hours or so, with his wounds, he was absolutely clear in his thoughts, and, what is more, magnificent beyond description in telling me his story. Such heroism was never surpassed. We took him to the first-aid station just before we began our advance. I cannot tell you what the outcome will be, but I am in great hopes of his recovery, brave and clean-lived—that's what counts in a situation of this kind.
>
> I am optimistic; I believe all is coming out right. But also I look upon death and suffering in a different light. I saw too many men, some my best comrades, who will never handle rifle again. But, oh, it was worth it! What are we compared to the task we are achieving!

Multiply this typical letter by a thousand, and then that thousand by another thousand, and ask yourself the question: What spirit do these boys possess?

And then ask yourself: In what spirit shall we welcome

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them? Do we mean that the self-sacrifices of the last two years shall be only an episode in American life? Or shall it be the beginning of an enduring change in the American character?

To many of these boys there has come a new experience of death. The grave is no longer a cell; it is an open door. Something lies beyond. What? They cannot tell. They have no vision of a celestial city, none of Elysian fields. They have no theory of immortality. But to them death has become only one more stage in the Great Adventure to which they gave themselves when they consecrated their lives to the service of their country and their fellow-men. That consecration was not the consequence of any unthinking emotionalism. They weighed the question carefully. Into the one scale they put ease, comfort, home, their youthful ambitions, liberty of action, their love of life. Into the other scale they put exile from home, discomfort, discipline, probable pain, possible death, but also their honor, the honor of their country, and their love for their fellow-men. These outweighed the others. It is true that some went under compulsion; but most of them went gladly, and the reluctant soon caught the spirit of the enthusiastic. The achievement which inspired them they counted as worth dying for. If death were the end, the achievement would still be worth dying for. But they no longer think of it as the end. It has become to them a new beginning.

How shall we receive them? Shall we chill their newly enkindled enthusiasm by receiving them into homes draped in the pagan emblems of the hopeless sorrow of those who can see only a tomb from which the stone can never be rolled away? or shall we intensify their faith by our own unquenchable faith in the inextinguishable life of love, service, and self-sacrifice?

And our boys have acquired—no! there has been bestowed upon our boys in this the greatest hour of their lives a new experience of the Eternal. It may not be a new faith in the creedal definitions of God. It may be that those definitions have been swept away by their experiences. Their faith may be as vague as Matthew Arnold's faith in "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness;" it may be as vague as Herbert Spencer's faith in "an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." But it is a faith, from which they cannot if they would escape, in a Power greater than their own.

One soldier writes home: "All the infidels are in the rear; every one here at the front believes in God and the future." Another writes: "There is no fear here except the fear of God." Still another: "We are at last willing to act as though we believed in both God and immortality." Miss Kirkland in her little book "The New Death" sums up her study of these soldiers' experiences in the following two sentences:

"A Power is certainly at work—is it God or devil, for no one dares longer to call it Chance. Every instinct answers God."

And again: "He is not the God of theology. He is sometimes frankly an evolutional God, himself travailing with his universe toward perfection."

These boys have been caught up in a tidal wave of human thought and feeling which man did not create and man cannot control, and which is sweeping the nations of the earth toward a future which man can but dimly foresee. They have felt the Eternal Power and realize it as only they can realize it who have experienced it. And in this hour of victory—victory beyond their expectations—they have felt also the Eternal Goodness. They are devoutly glad that God has not fought their battles for them; that he has not performed their duty and let them escape the trial; that he has trusted them to fight his battles with him and share with him the glory of the victory. Their exuberant joy is also a reverent thanksgiving.

This is not true of all. There are some careless and indifferent spirits who will be careless and indifferent still. But many, if we may judge from their published letters most, of these boys will not have passed through these experiences without some new vision of truth, some new understanding of life. What greeting shall we be prepared to give them? Into what atmosphere will they come? Shall we chill them with our skepticism and our indifference? Or shall we be ready to see the truth they see and share with them in their new life, that we and they together may build the new world of faith in God and the future, and of love and hope for our fellow-men?

LYMAN ABBOTT.

A HOP IN THE BLUE ETHER

The naval officer in command was friendly in a formal, restrained fashion that was not without a charm of its own; he spoke as one having authority, but behind his round spectacles was a warm sparkle.

"Will you have a hop?" he asked.

The Happy Eremite was puzzled; evidently he revealed his bewilderment, for the sparkle in the commander's eyes brightened; he smiled.

"Will you go up?" he said.

The Happy Eremite caught his breath. He knew now to what high adventure the commander had invited him in so casual a phrase. For an instant panic seized him. He saw himself thousands of feet in the air; he saw something go wrong and himself crashing headlong; he saw himself an hour or less hence an unrecognizable mass on the ground—the fears tumbled over each other. He thought, more soberly, of the responsibilities of a married man; he thought of a widow laboriously supporting three children. With a recklessness which made him feel extraordinarily but not unpleasantly wicked, he shoved these chilly apprehensions into pigeonholes.

He told the commander that he would be deeply thrilled to have a hop.

The commander escorted him to a pier where a boat was waiting to take him to the seaplane that lay like a gigantic gull floating silently on the slow-moving river. The boat itself was a marvelous and absurd creation, the like of which never was on land or sea. To the eye it was a scow, flat-bottomed, flat-decked, with a roomy cockpit where a dozen might be comfortable; but in action it was not even remotely like a scow. It was equipped, it seemed, with two high-power motors. Fifteen seconds after it left the dock it was flying over the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour; fifteen seconds later it was going at the rate of fifty.

"You see," explained the stout and genial helmsman, "now and then one o' them planes gets in trouble an' drops, an' then it's up to some one to get over to where she hits as quick as possible an' do rescue work."

"Um," said the Happy Eremite, uncertain whether he was grateful for the explanation or not. Visions of himself, all arms and legs, somersaulting through space returned to plague him.

"Give me your name, please, sir," said a respectful voice at his elbow. He turned. A sailor was standing, pencil and paper in hand.

He gave it, puzzled.

"And your address?"

He gave that too. A light began to dawn on him.

"Of course it isn't really necessary, sir," said the sailor, reassuringly. "But it's the regulations, in case—"

"I understand," said the Happy Eremite, weakly. "The remains of the remains—"

The scow, like a race-horse in mufti, sped playfully to and fro, scarcely touching the water, amazingly ugly and unbelievably fleet. Then in a last flying dash it drew up to the wide-winged plane. The two amazing creations snuggled up to each other as the Happy Eremite, not at all certain that he was not on the point of embarking on his last great journey, climbed over the prow of the motor boat up on the rounded body of the great sea-bird. The aviator was already at his post. He was a round-faced, cheerful, fair-haired man of twenty-odd who had flown in France and had more than one German to his credit. Two mechanics were with him; a third clambered aboard with the Eremite and helped him adjust his helmet and goggles.

The Happy Eremite took his place in the round cockpit at the bow, his arms resting on its rim, wondering dimly whether he was unforgivably reckless in risking a "family man's" neck in the pursuit of experience. Airplanes had been known to fall; people had been known to be killed in consequence—even such important people as passengers. He wondered whether the thing would rock. Ships at sea had proved to him long since that things which rocked had infinite capacity to make him miserable.

The mechanics cranked one of the great motors overhead; then the other. The enormous paddles whirred thunderously, the bird started forward.

For a hundred yards, for two hundred yards, it sped along

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swiftly on the surface of the water. The engines thundered more loudly. Suddenly a lift forward, a sweep upward, for the Happy Eremite the indescribable thrill of seeing rippled brown water withdraw as the plane shot slanting into the misty November air; and in an incredibly short time the miraculous bird was high over the world of men, thundering up and on at a hundred and ten miles an hour.

He stood in the cockpit with head and shoulders above the deck. The wind beat with blinding fierceness against his eyes and ears, searching out weak spots in his protective armor. He ducked into the cockpit to catch his breath. There, out of the wind, he lost immediately all sense of prodigious movement. Except for the thunder of the motors overhead there was nothing to suggest that he was rushing through space at almost two miles a minute. There was no swaying, no vibration. It occurred to him that no high-powered automobile had ever run along a perfect road as easily as this thing with wings flew through the free spaces of heaven.

He raised his head to the rim of the cockpit again to receive the terrific onslaught of the air. They were high over the city now, sweeping splendidly, like superior beings, over the flat, brown webwork of houses and streets where the lesser orders of creation were living and dying and working and sorrowing and reading the sporting news as the trolleys, after the day's work, bore them from one prison cell to another. The houses, with their tin roofs, dark red, looked like toy houses.

"I used to play with things like that," he said to himself, wonderingly.

The seaplane swept like a great eagle, conscious of its kingship, majestically across the city, and majestically across again. The brown river winding in and out among brown houses shimmered in the fading yellow light. Three thousand feet below, the Eremite could see motor cars scurrying like mice around the sharp corners of a park. Black specks that were human beings went to and fro, Lilliputian midgets hurrying on Lilliputian business, as though it were of importance. Skyscrapers looked as though a giant had sat on them and squashed them like an opera hat.

They swept through the vast freedom of the upper air. The world of houses and black things that moved on legs seemed to the Happy Eremite utterly unreal, and for all time apart from his own existence. It scarcely seemed possible that he had once had a share in that toy-life far below; it seemed altogether unthinkable that he should return to it. He lost all track of time.

They left the city behind and flew into the smoky sunset. Now below them were the scaffoldings of shipyards, a half-dozen battleships moored to piers, salt meadows, the widening stream. The great gull dipped and turned, crossing the river; he soared and turned, sweeping back again. The air was his and all the highways thereof.

The beat of the wind was intoxicating. "Proud Cortez," murmured the Happy Eremite, "never had a moment like this."

The west was a blur of old gold. They turned grandly about in the fading afterglow, dipping forward as they descended. The meadows came nearer, the roofs of long shed-like factories rose to meet them. Down, down, almost to the tops of buildings; down in a long, graceful swoop, down to the water's surface, flying just above it, touching it, then suddenly with a magnificent burst of energy and a shout such as a giant bird naturally would make, up like a gull again, ten, fifty, a hundred, a thousand feet over the dusking river; a long sweep round, a long sweep home, a dipping down, a weakening of the onslaught of the wind, a quieting of the thunder of the motors, a splashing in dark waters, silence, the world of Lilliputians again.

The Happy Eremite walked through the streets of the city like a man from Mars, conscious above all of appalling congestion, of snorting beasts with dazzling eyes leaping unexpectedly from ambush, of the awful dangers of crossing a city street. "Life isn't safe down here," he complained.

He wandered about aimlessly all the evening, wondering what was the matter with his bump of concentration, and why he was looking on the world of taxis and street corners with such unfathomable loathing.

At last, toward midnight, he found the answer. He was homesick. He felt like a fallen angel exiled among Eskimos or Fiji Islanders.

A CRISIS IN THE LEADERSHIP OF PRESIDENT WILSON

This special despatch to the New York "Evening Post" by David Lawrence, its Washington correspondent, is reprinted here by permission. See editorial comment elsewhere entitled "The President, the Cabinet, Bureaucracy, and the Country."—THE EDITORS.

Washington, November 25.

PRESIDENT WILSON is himself so strong an advocate of frankness in public business and politics that he will not mistake the sincerity of purpose and disinterestedness of his many friends who believe that he is face to face with a crisis in his own career both as the leader of the Democratic party and the representative of America at the Peace Conference.

Briefly, there is a dissatisfaction and discontent inside the Democratic party of which the public has hitherto had no hint, but which, if left uncorrected by the President himself, will mean that as he goes to Europe he will leave behind a dejected and depressed following whose enthusiasm for him will have been seriously diminished.

Men who are not office-holders but unselfish friends of the President are grieved and disappointed. They are not Republicans, they are not his political foes, but they are the men who helped elect him in 1912 and in 1916, and they are talking earnestly among themselves about what can be done to make the President see that he must clean house, that he must reorganize his entire Cabinet, and that he must, indeed, reorganize the Democratic party in Congress so that he will have advisers in the Executive branch of the Government and leaders in the Legislative branch who are in sympathy with the true wishes and spirit of the American people.

After talking with dozens of these men, the names of any one of whom, if published, would carry the conviction that they are seeking only things which will help and not hurt the President, one gets a consensus of opinion which is unmistakable. Here and there are suggestions of method which differ, here and there are different degrees of dissatisfaction, but, put categorically, these are some of the mistakes which the President himself is declared to have made or to be making to-day:

First, the President, in his absorption in foreign questions, has gotten out of touch with the true spirit of America on domestic questions. He has listened to a small group of advisers who have had his ear to the exclusion of the greater group of friends who come from the Middle West and West and sections of the East where people are finding it difficult to reconcile the brand of democracy which Mr. Wilson preached at the outset of his Administration with the retention of distinctly autocratic and bureaucratic advisers and with his own seclusiveness.

Second, the friends of the President are unable to understand why George Creel should be taken to Europe as the head of any committee on public information when Mr. Creel, notwithstanding his fine personality and close personal friendship for the President and sympathy with the Wilson ideas, has lost the confidence of the American press, and thereby the people.

Third, the friends of Mr. Wilson believe a grave mistake was made in announcing the despatch of Mr. Creel to Europe at the same time that Postmaster-General Burleson was permitted to take over control of the Atlantic cables. These things have been denounced as "colossal blunders," not merely by Republicans, but by Mr. Wilson's most loyal friends, who mean nothing personal by it either.

Fourth, they believe that Mr. Wilson's Cabinet is superannuated and in a rut, and that the resignation of William Gibbs McAdoo deprives the Administration of one of its most efficient public servants, and that the President should have

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never permitted him to resign until after reconstruction was well under way, or at least Mr. Wilson had returned from Europe.

Fifth, they consider that Southern domination in Congress and elsewhere will prove fatal to the Democratic party's chances to regain the confidence of Western electorates.

Sixth, they are deeply disappointed that Mr. Wilson himself should have kept himself aloof from men from various States who have sought to aid him in the past, and that he should have depended so much on his own judgment or the advice of a small group of provincially minded advisers.

Seventh, and most important of all, there is a deep-rooted feeling that Mr. Wilson has not taken account of the resentment of the American people for his failure to take into his councils on foreign affairs Republicans as well as Democrats. It is true that there are some Republicans who are not in sympathy with Mr. Wilson's ideas, but many Republicans would be if taken into the President's confidence.

Close friends of the President believe it is his duty, at least, to call into conference Republicans of all shades of opinion and lay before them the programme he intends to pursue at the Peace Conference.

The last suggestion probably will not please the President, but the time is past when friends of Mr. Wilson out of mere respect for his likes and dislikes can afford to remain silent. One of the most curious features of the situation is that some of the men with whom I have talked do not feel that they can very well tell Mr. Wilson the truth. Some of them would be willing to tell him the truth about his loss of prestige in this country if he only gave them audience. Others would just as soon write him their views, and some have done so. But the majority of President Wilson's friends are talking among themselves of the necessity of bringing forcibly to Mr. Wilson's attention that he is drifting away from the original precepts of openness and managing the Government in a personal and private way which does not square with his professions of democracy.

Perhaps the most severe criticism heard is of Mr. Wilson's decision to go to Europe at this critical time. Nobody begrudges the President a great part in the settlement of the peace of the world, nor his remarkable influence in bringing victory to the Allies; but the feeling of the men who are fond of the President and who have the courage to tell correspondents how they feel is that he treated the American people with indifference when he failed in his first announcement to tell the exact purpose of his journey and the provision he planned to make for the transaction of public business in his absence.

The revolt inside the Democratic party is not of recent origin. It has been growing for several months, and may explain the lukewarm activity of many Democratic National Committeemen in the recent election, many of whom felt that a large part of the Republican criticism of the record of the Democratic Congress was absolutely true, and that it was useless to try to make the people think otherwise.

Mr. Wilson is considering the appointment of peace delegates. Some of the names mentioned have rankled in the minds of disinterested friends who want to see America represented by broad-minded and able men, instead of the same type of provincialism which has caused dissatisfaction throughout the country before. President Wilson may not know it, but the morale of his friends is at a low ebb. There is no one but himself on whom responsibility can be placed, and no one but himself who can restore the confidence of the people in him at a time when he must needs tell European statesmen, skilled in the bargaining methods of the Old World diplomats, that he speaks for a united America, which doesn't want to see selfishness supersede a spirit of justice at the peace table, and is particularly anxious that the sacrifices America has made shall not have been made in vain.

PRESIDENT WILSON AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

A POLL OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

PRESIDENT WILSON has decided to attend the coming Peace Conference.

No announcement of a personal or political nature has called forth more instant and independent comment. Newspapers that are ordinarily stout supporters of the President have not hesitated to express their dismay at his decision. On the other hand, many of his supporters are equally pleased. Again, newspapers that are ordinarily the President's political opponents join in earnest commendation, and, of course, there are critics, Republican and independent, who "have no use for" Mr. Wilson's decision to go abroad.

If the political lines are thus broken, so are the geographical lines. It makes no difference where a newspaper is published, one cannot be certain from its place of publication just how it is going to think on this subject.

UNFAVORABLE COMMENT

For instance, one would naturally suppose that in Louisiana, the stronghold of Democracy, at least a respectful attitude toward the President might be taken; and yet we find the New Orleans "Times-Picayune" (Dem.) saying: "Mr. Wilson is going to Europe, one gathers, not to sight-see but to be sight-seen!"

On the Pacific coast the Los Angeles "Express" (Rep.) thinks that it "speaks the thought of most Americans" when it counsels the President to forego all thought of attending the Peace Conference. It adds:

> He has little to gain in respect of his own fame and much to lose, and in respect of the United States he has nothing whatever to gain and everything to lose. It may be that trusted intimates who persuaded him to his undoing in the matter of his appeal for the election of a Democratic Congress are busying themselves again with adulatory whisperings in his Presidential ear as to this affair of greatly larger consequence. We hope the President will reject their injurious advice.

In the central part of the country no newspaper is better or more favorably known than the Kansas City "Star" (Rep). Its keen criticism is as follows:

> The President's decision to attend the Conference will be received with mixed feelings. Undoubtedly there will be widespread regret. On account of his unique position he will go as head of the State as well as Premier. He will be the ranking figure at the Conference, and so America will necessarily be at the head of the table. . . . The impression can hardly be avoided that America will thus be seeking an importance in the peace councils beyond that to which she is entitled on the score of performance. What effect will be made on France and England, each of which has paid for the war with more than a million dead and four years of agony, to have the United States seem to come forward as arbiter after a fighting campaign lasting virtually four months?

The Philadelphia "North American" (Rep.), the well-known and able progressive journal, calls attention to Mr. Wilson's presumable motives:

> President Wilson seems to have three purposes in mind—to discuss with the Allied statesmen the principles of the peace settlement; to deliver a keynote address which shall give his programme a controlling efficacy, and to supervise the deliberations and decisions of the American peace delegates. But it is obvious, as to the first item, that these discussions would not keep him in France "indefinitely;" as to the second, that from no rostrum could he speak more effectually than from his place as Chief Executive of the great Western democracy in its capital; and as to the third, if cable communication permits him to conduct the affairs of the Nation from a distance of three thousand miles, the same facilities would enable him to direct the actions of half a dozen peace delegates. . . .
>
> Two impelling motives are plain. Mr. Wilson is unable to resist the unparalleled "opportunity to hear the plaudits of the world." And he is determined to reassert the peace dictatorship which he was compelled to abdicate when he turned Germany's armistice appeal over to the Allied Supreme War Council.

The New York City press is a practical unit against the proposed plan. Even the "World" (Dem.), a supporter of the

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Administration, whose editor the President recently sent abroad on a mission, will not hear of it, and puts the case succinctly in saying:

> We cannot but feel that the President is making a grave mistake from any point of view in deciding finally to remove himself so far from the seat of government he is charged with administering, in a still critical time, for purposes which can better be served where he is.

The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) also feels that the President is making a "grave mistake," and because of these other reasons:

> President Wilson's visit can initiate unwise disputes over phrases. He cannot remain long enough to aid in the actual settlement of specific problems. In the end his expedition cannot fail to take on far more of the aspect of a royal progress than of a democratic conference. His welcome, for himself and for his Nation, is undoubted. The personal tribute and the personal pleasure will be great. The risk to the United States and the confusion to the Allies may not be less.

The New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.) elaborates this as follows:

> This Nation does not know what Mr. Wilson, presenting himself as its representative at the Conference, is going to say or do. Is not the President putting himself in a position of some peril? Questions as to the source from which he derives his full powers and his instructions, should a delegate of any other Power have the temerity to ask such questions, would be exceedingly awkward. Moreover, guided only by his own reasoning, . . . conclusions reached by him at Paris and actually embodied in the treaty might conceivably be rejected by the Senate of the United States in obedience to public opinion formed here in the President's absence. That would be deplorable.

Finally, the Providence "Journal" thus summarizes the views of most critics:

> It is unseemly that we should have at the Conference a representative outranking in official position any other man there present. It is unseemly that we . . . should approach that solemn conclave with a personally conducted excursion of friends, relatives, publicity agents, moving-picture experts, and politicians. One Ford peace ship in a generation ought to be enough.

FAVORABLE COMMENT

That always well-informed, independent paper, the Springfield (Massachusetts) "Republican" (Ind.), states plainly the first reason why Mr. Wilson's presence at the Peace Conference will do good—it will do good to Europe:

> America holds a position of peculiar and pre-eminent detachment from the clashing interests of the European nations and states. We are looking for no new territory and we ask for no indemnities. American influence, consequently, can be of immeasurable service at the Peace Conference under the President's personal direction. . . .
>
> Mr. Wilson's influence in foreign countries is undoubtedly much greater than it is here at home. It is particularly great in the Balkan States and the new states to be created out of Austria-Hungary. If the representatives of all the countries abroad can go back to their homes from the Peace Conference and defend some criticised portion of the settlement by saying, "President Wilson was there, and he personally agreed to this provision and he believes it should be accepted in the interest of the world's future peace," the task of those representatives and their Governments would be much lightened.

The Denver "Rocky Mountain News" (Rep.) states the second reason why Mr. Wilson's presence will do good—it will do good to America:

> This Nation has put aside its old aloofness. It no longer shies at foreign alliances—and all alliances must be more or less "entangling," in that they require reciprocity from the nations allied. It has taken its place as a world Power having to do with European, African, and Asiatic affairs. . . . It will be impossible for many years, if ever, for the United States to "go it alone" again. . . . A flare-up in the former cockpit of Europe would affect us more keenly than we ever thought possible a few years back, if it came now or later. That strict neutrality which we were cautioned to observe a few years ago can no longer obtain. . . . All things considered, there are many arguments why the National Executive should "sit in," to use a Western phrase, and play his part as representative of the Republic in world affairs. And Mr. Wilson can hold his own. We will never have to apologize for his ability. He has an intellect the match of any in Europe.

The Louisville "Courier-Journal" (Dem.) puts a third reason—it will do Mr. Wilson good and give him personal satisfaction:

> What more natural than that the President should prefer personally to get this important business under way than to conduct a cable correspondence? When the regular session of Congress has begun, the President, like the heads of the Allied Governments, will take ship to Paris, do America's business there, and come home. If it were not necessary for him to go, the country may be sure that he would not.

Moreover, adds the Cincinnati "Commercial Tribune" (Rep.):

> As the author of the code of principles upon which the new peace is to be based, his immediate personal leadership in the formulation is most desirable.

As to precedent, what if custom has restricted our Presidents to the boundaries of America during their incumbency of office? exclaims the Birmingham (Alabama) "Ledger" (Dem.): "What has custom to do with the new order of things?" "What, indeed?" echoes a Republican paper, the Boston "Herald," and adds:

> President Wilson has never regarded precedent. He abolished the inaugural ball, to the dismay of the Washington tradesmen. He even considered a later inauguration day in place of the conventional parades of March 4. . . . He is leaving behind him gigantic tasks of war-time reconstruction, but he doubtless feels that he is doing so in order to participate in even larger ones.

The President, therefore, "has cast the die and will cross the big pond to play the title rôle in the greatest drama on the biggest stage in world history to date," says the Knoxville "Sentinel" (Dem.). "Only time will show whether or not he has acted wisely," concludes the Baltimore "American" (Dem.), "but the chances are that it will vindicate his judgment."

TEACHING THE SOLDIER

NOT the least important part of the work to be paid for out of the fund accumulated by the United War Work Campaign will be the establishment of a "university in khaki."

Any one can see that the age of most of our men in France is precisely the age when the formation of mental habits and points of view is comparatively easy and when adjustments can best be made to new conditions.

Last winter, at General Pershing's request, the Overseas Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, in connection with the American University Union in Europe, took hold of the problem and invited Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University, to prepare surveys of the educational needs and opportunities for our men during the war and suggestions for work. Dr. Stokes duly made his reports. They were approved by military and Y. M. C. A. headquarters. General Pershing directed that proper facilities be given to the undertaking throughout his command.

Such work as has already been done has been mainly directed towards increasing the effectiveness of the soldier to fight a war for freedom against autocracy. Lectures on the character and history of the French and English peoples and instruction in the causes of the war, and especially of American participation therein, have been given. Instruction in the French language has also been afforded. Nor has geography been neglected.

But the main function of the endeavor will now of course be during the demobilization of the troops. Demobilization must not become demoralization. Owing to the difficulties of transportation, and especially owing to the necessity of taking no chances concerning the security of various European peoples, demobilization for us may take from a year to two years. The longer the time, the greater the opportunity for education. But

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whether long or short, the comparatively demoralizing months of picket duty and waiting, as contrasted with the stimulus of daily fighting, emphasize the importance of an absorbing educational endeavor.

WHAT THE BRITISH HAVE DONE

The work in this direction already done by the British Y. M. C. A. in the British army in France shows what America can do. The lectures two or three times a week of a university extension character in the average hut have been attended by from one hundred to five hundred men, and, as they are often followed by discussions, more interest has been created. The lectures have been on such a wide variety of topics as the following:

Great Composers and Their Work.
Mazzini, the Italian Teacher and Patriot.
Britain and India.
Burma.
Shakespeare Readings.
The Stories and Tales of Ancient Cities.
Great Nations of To-Morrow.
Great Books: Their Makers and Messages.

The French courses have always continued in demand. One Y woman worker reported an average attendance of 180 different soldiers a week at her classes, most of the classes being relatively small. In connection with education the importance of the library has been evident, the British Y aiming to have at least two hundred and fifty books in each hut, and more in the larger huts. The importance of music and also of hut decoration and entertainment have been evident too.

But we are going a great step further. We propose to provide not only entertainment and ordinary instruction through lectures and reading and teaching; we propose to provide definite instruction as elementary as reading and writing, and as professional as that needed by the student of law or of engineering who has given up his professional studies to enter the Army.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

There is need for elementary education. There are no less than 121,000 illiterates among our men now in France. There are at least 150,000 foreigners and illiterate white and colored troops among our men there who are not sufficiently Americanized. Post schools already exist in the Army.

Courses are now being given in the barracks, in Y huts, or elsewhere; courses similar to those in the English and German prison camps, where former school and college teachers in the army and other competent men carry on educational classes. But our instruction could be expanded beyond reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, and American history and government to include such subjects as modern history, English and American literature, art, civics, bookkeeping, stenography, the elements of hygiene and biology, agricultural science, and engineering.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

Then there are vocational training courses in industrial and commercial subjects, and instruction in such subjects as clerical work for military clerks, carpentry and wheelwright work, shoe and harness-making, animal husbandry for those in charge of horses and mules, auto repair for motorized units, plumbing and electricity, road-building and concrete work. In discussions on the general subject of the "university in khaki," no feature excites more popular interest than does this of vocational training. The law provides for soldiers:

> Educational and vocation training of a character to increase their military efficiency and to enable them to return to civil life better equipped for industrial, commercial, and general business co-operation.

The local machinery shops and scientific equipment of an army camp supply laboratory environment for such work. It will also doubtless be possible to organize special camps for intensive training in agriculture and industries. This would be doubly advantageous in the case of divisions situated in the ruined regions of France or Belgium (as, for instance, in the Department of the Aisne, where the American Committee for Devastated France is doing its work). Such vocational training and reconstruction work, under competent direction, would be made to contain practical helpfulness to the stricken communities and peoples in the neighborhood as well as educational value to our men of a kind to count later towards their industrial, business, and personal advancement at home. Indeed, there is a particular endeavor to "link up" the men there with presumable jobs here, so that in starting for home the men may have the pleasant picture before them of certain work awaiting them; thus they will avoid the dreaded "sitting around."

HIGHER EDUCATION

But there are many men in the Army who are already fairly well educated, but who would avail themselves of the opportunities in France to advance themselves in higher scholastic attainments. In this ambition the system of university extension should be immediately developed so that where members of the Army wish to pursue advanced studies, and yet are unable to attend the universities, the privileges of those institutions will be theirs in extension courses. In other words, where men cannot go to a university, the university could carry its privileges to them.

The collegiate and university grade courses would naturally take place in France in the *lycées*, technical schools, or universities, and would carry a student through about two years of the American college course. Our successful experience in making use of French teachers who speak English at our various artillery, aviation, and other special military instruction schools in France indicates that there are larger possibilities in this direction than might at first be realized.

Our Army Education Commission will, it is expected, give certificates to all men who have passed the necessary examination. Such certificates will be of great service to the men on their return to America in seeking school, commercial, industrial, or other positions. In especial they would aid in obtaining school and college credits towards diplomas.

THE TEACHERS

Of course there must be as teachers, not only the ordinary pupil teacher, but experts in various fields of industrial and educational training of the professional schools. In all these we are counting rightly on the sympathetic attitude of France. American troops are quartered in some of the recognized educational districts of that country. In each of these districts the rector of the local university is the head. It is proposed that in each the Army Educational Commission should appoint a French-speaking educator of high standing as a *liaison* educational officer to represent the Commission in negotiations with the French authorities toward making the facilities of the universities, *lycées*, technical schools, or academies available for American soldiers situated in the district, and to deal with the American Army commanders of the neighborhood so as to insure their co-operation.

As to the more important provision of American teachers, Professor John Erskine, of Columbia University, who has charge of the enterprise, with headquarters in Paris, is trying to secure for supervisors some two thousand men who are willing to co-operate, men of experience and ability, especially superintendents of schools, but also those holding positions in universities, colleges, and technical schools. These men will be sent to the different camps and cantonments where American soldiers are quartered. Some are already at work in Y huts. Their business will be to select teachers from the enlisted men now in the ranks and to organize and supervise their work. Some idea of the dimensions of the enterprise may be gathered when it is known that for text-books and books of reference some eight million dollars will be required. Who will go as a supervisor? Inquiries should be addressed to William J. Newlin, Educational Recruiting Agent, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The feasibility and importance of developing the educational side of the work in the American Army is apparent. From a beginning less than a year ago we have now advanced to a definite plan which involves thousands of teachers and millions of money.

Unless we are much mistaken, the American people as a whole will stand solidly behind this undertaking. It should give to our soldiers in France opportunities of educational and vocational training which will better fit them for life abroad and at home.

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THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES

A GREAT WORLD CONGRESS

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

This article will be followed by several others from the pen of Professor Hart on various aspects and problems of the Peace Conference at Versailles. They will appear in consecutive issues of The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.

A FEW weeks hence—how many we know not, for we are on the knees of the gods—a group of diplomats will pass through the Hall of Mirrors in the once royal palace of Versailles to the most significant conference that has assembled since the separation of the twelve Apostles. When they have finished their deliberations, the world will have been made over. Empires which have lived for centuries will be officially declared defunct; boundaries in the three great continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa will be laid down anew. Communities that have never heretofore possessed a common name will be entered upon the golden book of recognized nations. Artificial canals will have become arms of the open sea. Probably all the Powers, great and small, which go into the Congress as independent countries will come out subject to some degree of constitutional responsibility to an organized world at large.

This prodigious piece of work is hardly less difficult within its field than the land and sea war of the last four years; yet the world is not making the necessary preparations. We have not recovered ourselves from the shock of peace. It is hardly more than two weeks since vast armies were mauling each other on the western front, the Allied maul giving every time the heaviest smashing blow. We take too little account of the difference between an armistice and a peace. So long as no formal document has been framed and signed, by whatever at that time may represent former German and Austrian Empires, we shall remain in a state of war. All the non-naturalized subjects of those two has-been empires are still enemies of the United States, subject to internment if they snarl and to punishment if they plot against us.

We may provisionally allow trade with enemy countries, supplies of provisions and aid to the new governments to enable them to maintain themselves till the floods have time to go down again; but let us remember that all such things are acts of grace to a beaten enemy who showed little mercy for hapless prisoners of war or for civilians, who were most unrighteously plundered, imprisoned, enslaved, or shot. As yet no certainty exists that Germany, or the new states carved out of the Austrian Empire, or the units formed out of western Russia, can hold together till peace can be negotiated, without the stiffening influence of garrisons of Allied troops.

Within the United States something has been done by an organization of historians and experts in international law, under the guidance of our American Man with the Iron Mask, Colonel House. They are supposed to have acquired large quantities of information upon the various parts of the earth and to have arranged their finds for the use of our future representatives in the Congress. That material, however, is still held *incommunicado* till the great Congress may have the opportunity to sample it. Public attention is far more aroused upon the minor questions of representation and cessation of warfare than in the tremendous issues that will come before the Congress for settlement.

World congresses are a modern idea. Alexander held his congress with Darius and outvoted his adversary at the first session. Louis XIV found all the world's congress hall that he required in his house of pleasure at Versailles. The first gathering of this kind was the Congress of Westphalia in 1648, in which most of the European Powers were represented, and from it came a general peace and a reorganization of Germany. In 1713 the Congress at Utrecht realigned boundaries in Europe, Asia, and America, and put upon paper the great principle of balance of power in Europe. It proved, what the Kaiser forgot, that no one Power in Europe is so strong that it dares to make itself paramount. A combination of the weaker nations arises which reminds one of the fabled cockatrice with the evil eye against which it was supposed nothing could stand. "Yet," said the ancient narrator of the fable, "is he overcome of weasels, for God hath provided a remedy for every evil."

The world congress which most resembles that which we are about to experience was called in Vienna in 1814, under conditions astonishingly like those of the present. A great Power had been smashed to pieces. Napoleon, the ruling spirit, whose ambition had aroused and terrified Europe, was a captive and absolutely shut out from any part in the new adjustments. His conquerors disposed of his conquests; his Duchy of Warsaw was subdivided; his protectorates in Italy and Germany and Spain broke to pieces. A preliminary understanding as to the maimed states and fragments of states was reached by the four Great Powers—Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, and Austria—during the war and just after the crushing of Napoleon. They then let in France, with a new monarch; then admitted the small states of Europe. Partly by following on their original resolutions and partly by granting concessions and favors to the weak and to each other, they recast Europe and arranged a government for Germany.

In the hundred years since that time the principal Powers of Europe have been brought together ten times to discuss such questions as Holland and Belgium, the Crimean War, Luxemburg, Turkey, the Congo, the Balkans, Morocco, World Peace, and the law of the sea in war. The Congress of Berlin, in 1878, held under the overpowering influence of Bismarck, and the two Hague Conferences are the most significant. In the last of these, held in 1907, practically every country in the world possessing a civilized government was represented.

The United States first came into these world meetings in the Conference on the Congo in 1884. Our influence was strong in the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, and in the London Conference of 1911 on maritime warfare. In the Conference of Algeciras, in 1906, we now know that our representative practically cast a deciding vote for the settlement that was made. The United States has acquired the convention habit, and will be exceedingly powerful in the coming gathering because of the high reputation of this country as immensely powerful in sea forces, land forces, and air forces, because of the dramatic entry of our armies and navies at a critical moment in the war, and because of the influence of President Wilson through his proposals of peace. Our delegates will carry a great weight. They will influence decisions not only on questions that especially concern the United States, but in the world settlement and world organization that may be arranged.

The question of choosing our representatives at Versailles, therefore, is very important. Through modern communication by telegraph, most envoys find themselves at the end of a wire leading from their home department of foreign affairs. Yet character, power, and experience count heavily. It seems to be arranged that the President of the United States is to head our delegation, thus returning to the example of the Congress of Vienna, where Emperor Alexander of Russia, Emperor Francis of Austria, and Frederick III of Prussia met and made decisions which their Ministers afterwards put into effect. The ambition to take a personal part in such a world event is natural, particularly as the United States is likely to exert a harmonizing influence in the meeting.

Where the head of the state acts directly it is hard for other men to act efficiently. It is highly important that every envoy should be a man of natural eminence. There is no example in our history of a Secretary of State holding a diplomatic appointment abroad. Secretary of State Day resigned his office in 1898 when appointed to head the commission to make a peace with

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Spain, and then engaged in a lively correspondence of "Mr. Day to Secretary Hay" and "Secretary Hay to Mr. Day." Three of the five commissioners were Senators of the United States. Frye was President pro tem., and Davis chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. The other Senator was George Gray, of Delaware. The fifth member, Whitelaw Reid, was a journalist. The one conspicuous publicist and expert was the secretary of the Commission, John Bassett Moore, then Assistant Secretary of State.

Neither in that negotiation nor in any other in the history of the United States has there been a private individual, not officially appointed by the President nor responsible to the Government of the United States, who had a part in the negotiation or acted as an ascertainer of foreign opinion as the private and intimate agent of the President. Such things have been known in the secret and tortuous diplomacy of absolute monarchs, but are quite out of keeping with the open diplomacy which is dear to the people and President of the United States. It must be expected, therefore, that Colonel House will be appointed as a regular member of the Commission or will have no part. There is much to commend in the suggestion of two Senators, one from each party, who can make clear to their colleagues any difficulties in the future treaty.

Shall these appointments be confirmed by the Senate? Naturally, if they are made while the Senate is in session, which is almost certain to be the case. The peace commissioners of 1898 and the commissioners to the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907 were all appointed and despatched without confirmation. In two of those cases, however, the diplomatic work was completed and the commission dissolved before the Senate met; and in 1898 the treaty was signed four or five days after Congress reassembled. The Constitution of the United States and the usual practice combine to urge that such appointments shall be submitted to the Senate, if made while the Senate is in session. This is a distinct and Constitutional right, which is all the stronger because a world peace treaty is bound to come back in such a form that it will not be humanly possible for the Senate to alter or repeal it.

For the procedure of the Congress the action of Vienna is likely to be the precedent most in point. It seems to be expected that the four Great Powers will come to a general understanding before the World Congress assembles; then the smaller European Allies—Portugal, Montenegro, Rumania, Serbia, and Greece; Russia, if it pulls itself together sufficiently, and the various fragments of Russia, will come in with their special rivalries, pleas, and needs. The status in the Congress of the Latin-American Allies and of the three eastern Asiatic belligerents—Japan, China, and Siam—has not yet been settled. If great world questions are to be discussed, the European and South American neutrals must be admitted somewhere. Nor is it possible for a World Congress to seek world peace without giving an opportunity to the four defeated Central Powers to state their desires and set forth any objections before final action has been taken.

How long will the Congress last when once it meets? It will not be like the Congress of Westphalia, in which six years were spent in discussing preliminaries and five years were passed after the appearance of the first envoy. It will not be like the Congress at Utrecht, where fourteen months passed before the ten treaties were all signed. The Vienna Congress was in session between eight and nine months. The great Versailles Congress cannot hurry through its work of world reconstruction. The lives of millions of men were freely given in order to make such a Congress possible. It must sit for many weeks and go through many wearisome discussions if it is to justify itself. The welfare of the twentieth century depends upon the action of the Congress; the world's hope of prosperity, happiness, and peace is in the balance. Its work is a work for mankind, a work for the century, and the Congress must go all the way through that work before full peace will dawn upon the world.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF VERSAILLES

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

LET us suppose ourselves tourists in Europe. Let us fancy ourselves in Paris. Most visitors there want to see Versailles too. So do we, and if the coming Peace Conference meets there we shall want to see it more than ever.

We may go thither by train, tram, or motor. Sometimes hardy and economical people walk all the ten miles of the way.

If we save coin by walking, we shall have an immediate chance to spend it. We arrive, assuredly hungry enough, at our destination. We see before us either the attractive-looking Trianon Palace Hotel or the Hôtel des Réservoirs (in Madame de Pompadour's old house) or the Hôtel Vatel, with their seductive restaurants. They are alarmingly expensive. But we say: "Never mind. It's worth while." And it is. It is remarkable, is it not, how we never regret any money spent in French restaurants?

After we have satisfied our digestive demands there come the mental demands. We look about us. We see a well-laid-out town of some sixty thousand inhabitants. It seems a spacious place—too spacious, indeed. The avenues are too wide and too long, apparently, and the squares too large, as we soon find if it happens to be a windy day. Dust and dirt get into our eyes, for Versailles lies on a sandy plain.

It is a pity to approach the Palace from the Paris side and from the city of Versailles. Seen from that side, the enormous building looks stiff and pompous. It has no proper environment. Far better it is for us—if we have æsthetic instinct and a sense of perspective—to take the train out to Saint-Cyr or Bailly and walk back through the silences of great spaces and through venerable forests which transport us to the time when Louis XIII (1610–43) hunted in these very woods. They form a quiet, serene approach to the Palace as it comes upon us in its true dignity and harmony when we reach the edge of the great gardens. This kind of approach is fitting. It seems *France*. In contrast, the other approach seems Chicago.

One of Louis XIII's characteristics was his love for out-of-door pastimes. As has been hinted, he had a hunting château here. One may still see it, a square stone-and-brick structure forming part of the present Palace.

Le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV (1643–1715), used it also and presided over festive gatherings there. He enlarged it for more important fêtes, at which Molière (perhaps the greatest name in the Golden Age of French literature) and his players gave "Tartufe" and other plays. Molière had been the King's *valet de chambre* and actually used to make the royal bed. He was thus brought into desirably close proximity with his master, who liked to pontificate even in his dressing-gown.

Louis developed the "building craze." His ambition finally became nothing less than to construct a palace larger than any contemporary building, big enough indeed to be both a residence for his Court and a seat for his Government. Thereupon he erected this splendid residence, using the old hunting château as a central point. It took years to create this immense palace. It gave work to some thirty-six thousand men and six thousand horses. It cost over a hundred million dollars—what a contrast when we recall the poverty of the so-called "common people" at that time!

Over ten thousand persons could find lodgment here. Louis thus realized his aim, which was, in general, as he used to say, "*L'État, c'est moi*" (I am the State). In particular, he wanted to visualize his absolutism by having the higher nobility reside as pensioners under his roof and be intimately a part of his retinue.

They came. But they ultimately ruined the monarchy. For in their enforced idleness and luxury the courtiers were less and less capable of furthering the nation's welfare. Meanwhile the country squires, neglected, became jealous. Yet during the twenty years that Louis lived here the palace was indeed the symbol of his power. William II of Germany might have

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envied him. For William, like Louis, seems to have had the mediæval conception that it is humiliating for God's vicegerent to accept any law from the people. Appropriately enough, Louis died here.

The profligate Louis XV (1715–74) also lived here and contracted the three Treaties of Versailles with Austria. Louis XV also died here.

That weak King intellectually and morally, but well-meaning and with honest illusions, Louis XVI (1774–93) lived here too, and so did his wife, Marie Antoinette of Austria. Here it was that Lafayette, despite his democratic zeal, protected her, and here a loyal body-guard defended her with their lives. Here, too, was where the people compelled Louis to convene the States-General, a Parliament which had not met since 1614 in Louis XIII's time; and here its outgrowth, the National Assembly, convened too, whose Deputies took an oath in the Jeu de Paume, or tennis court, never to dissolve until they had given France a Constitution.

In those days in Paris there was a mysterious, dark prison-fortress known as the Bastille, a symbol of the old feudal order of things. On July 14, 1789, the people captured it, and that is the reason why France keeps July 14 as a national holiday. Some months later a similar mob invaded the palace here. It compelled the King and his family to return to Paris. The heads of two of the body-guard who had defended the Queen were carried on pikes outside the royal carriage. "*L'État, c'est moi*" had fallen; one now heard "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*"

Years passed, and with them the French Revolution. The Emperor Napoleon I (1804–15) came to Versailles only occasionally. Then, under guise of restoring it, King Louis Philippe (1830–48) dismantled it disgracefully. But, paradoxically, he did restore it in general to something of its former splendor by wisely converting it into a museum. He collected an immense number of paintings and sculptures, which, aside from the historical portraits in the Palace and certain pieces of sculpture in the gardens, have no great artistic merit.

We, American tourists, however, think less of French history and art than we do of the single historical event which connects this place with the story of our own Nation. For here it was, on November 30, 1782, that Benjamin Franklin signed the preliminary articles of peace between Great Britain and the United States. The next year, on September 3, England, France, and Spain signed a treaty here which ended their war. On the same day England recognized our independence by the Treaty of Paris, Benjamin Franklin being one of the signers along with John Adams and John Jay.

We also remember other striking historical incidents coming nearly a hundred years later. Here it was that during five months of the Franco-German War (1870–1) William I, King of Prussia, at the head of the German forces, had his headquarters. Here he was proclaimed German Emperor, January 18, 1871. And here, on February 26, 1871, the preliminaries of peace were signed between France and Germany, after many poignant interviews between Bismarck and Thiers. A little later Marshal MacMahon directed from here the "Versailles Army" of Government troops, which suppressed the Commune in Paris. Until 1879 Versailles was the seat of the French Government.

Thus we get back to contemporary history, and we behold in the Palace the seat of the French Parliament whenever a Presidential election is held. The Chief Executive of France is elected, not by popular vote, but by an electoral college made up of the two houses of Parliament. For this purpose they are required to meet at Versailles at least a month before the outgoing President's term expires. In case the President dies or resigns they are required to meet immediately. A majority of the whole number of Senators and Deputies is necessary to elect.

And now for the interior. Unless we possibly except the Gallery of Battles, of all the apartments in the palace the Galerie des Glaces is the most striking. (Illustrations of both appear on following pages.) Certainly it is the most historic. As our illustration of the Galerie des Glaces shows, this magnificent room is lighted on one side by seventeen great windows in white marble arcades. On the other side seventeen corresponding arcades are filled with over three hundred beveled mirrors. Strengthened by their white marble environment, they dazzlingly reflect the light, and give its name to the hall. Here it was that a cynic once said of the assemblages which used to gather within these walls: "Statesmen who sit in a glass house should not be surprised if nations throw stones." The great room is further decorated by trophies in gilded and chased copper, and on the ceiling are paintings tracing Louis XIV's military history, paintings which took Le Brun four years to execute. In the Grand Monarque's time this hall must have been specially worth seeing, for all the furniture—the tables and chairs and stools, the tubs for the orange trees (which were his delight), the candelabra and chandeliers—were of solid silver and enamel.

It was in this room that the preliminary agreement of 1871 was signed, and here it was that William of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor. Perhaps in this very place a new treaty of peace will be signed which, while bringing law and order to the whole world, will signalize the end of the German Empire. It thus will have found its official beginning and official end in this place.

We are led to many other splendid apartments in the Palace, but we are glad to escape as soon as possible to the gardens. Artificial and stiff as they are, even cruelly subjecting nature to a kind of outdoor geometry and an imitation of sculpture, they yet harmonize to a great extent with the architecture of the Palace.

The gardens are also accentuated by the wonderful fountain displays which take place at the end of each day, some of the jets being seventy-five feet high.

Nor are the gardens without romance. In the so-called Bosquet de la Reine, for instance, in connection with the famous story of the diamond necklace, Cardinal de Rohan met a lady who assumed to be Marie Antoinette, but who was really some one else. He was accused of having used the Queen's signature to obtain the necklace, but he had really been the dupe of Madame de la Motte, who used him as her tool and appropriated the necklace herself.

The chief interest of the gardens is in the two Trianons. The Grand Trianon is an elegant villa one story high. As it stands to-day it represents Louis XIV's gift to Madame de Maintenon, his morganatic wife. Its interior is attractive. When Napoleon came to Versailles, he preferred to lodge here. Here it was that Marshal Bazaine was tried and found guilty of treason (1873), and here it is that the sessions of the Supreme War Council are being held.

But it is the rustic Petit Trianon which is truly "grand" in interest as compared with its larger neighbor. It was erected by Louis XV for Madame du Barry, but its occupancy by a woman who was her moral antithesis has made it the greatest object of romantic interest in all Versailles. Here Marie Antoinette found refuge from court restraints. Some may take interest in the room where Louis XV used to give his *petits soupers*, and note the trap-doors through which the tables, already laid, appeared, but very many more will care to study the memorials of Marie Antoinette—the pictures showing her as an Austrian Archduchess dancing at her country home near Vienna, the harpsichord in the drawing-room here, just as she left it, the bust in Sèvres china, broken at the Revolution and afterwards restored, or her bedroom with its delicate decoration and its outlook on the little private garden which she had arranged in the English style, allowing nature to have proper sway, a restful relief from the squared stiffness of the greater garden.

And then, after this atmosphere of naturalness following an atmosphere of artificiality, we come back to the great Palace. For a time it, and not Paris, was the real capital of France. To-day, for the nonce, it may become the capital of the world. Here and there workmen are invading apartments which hitherto have seemed to be inhabited but by the ghosts of kings. Precious tapestries and furniture, removed to places of safety during the late war, are now being put back. In the gardens, the camouflage coverings on the statues are being removed and the cruciform grand canal, three-quarters of a mile long and its arms together half a mile long, which had been camouflaged in order to prevent airplane raids, is being restored.

All this work of carpenters and upholsterers indicates that something is going to happen. It is indeed something—the Peace Conference. Think of a place once representing the top-notch of autocracy marking the greatest triumph of democracy!

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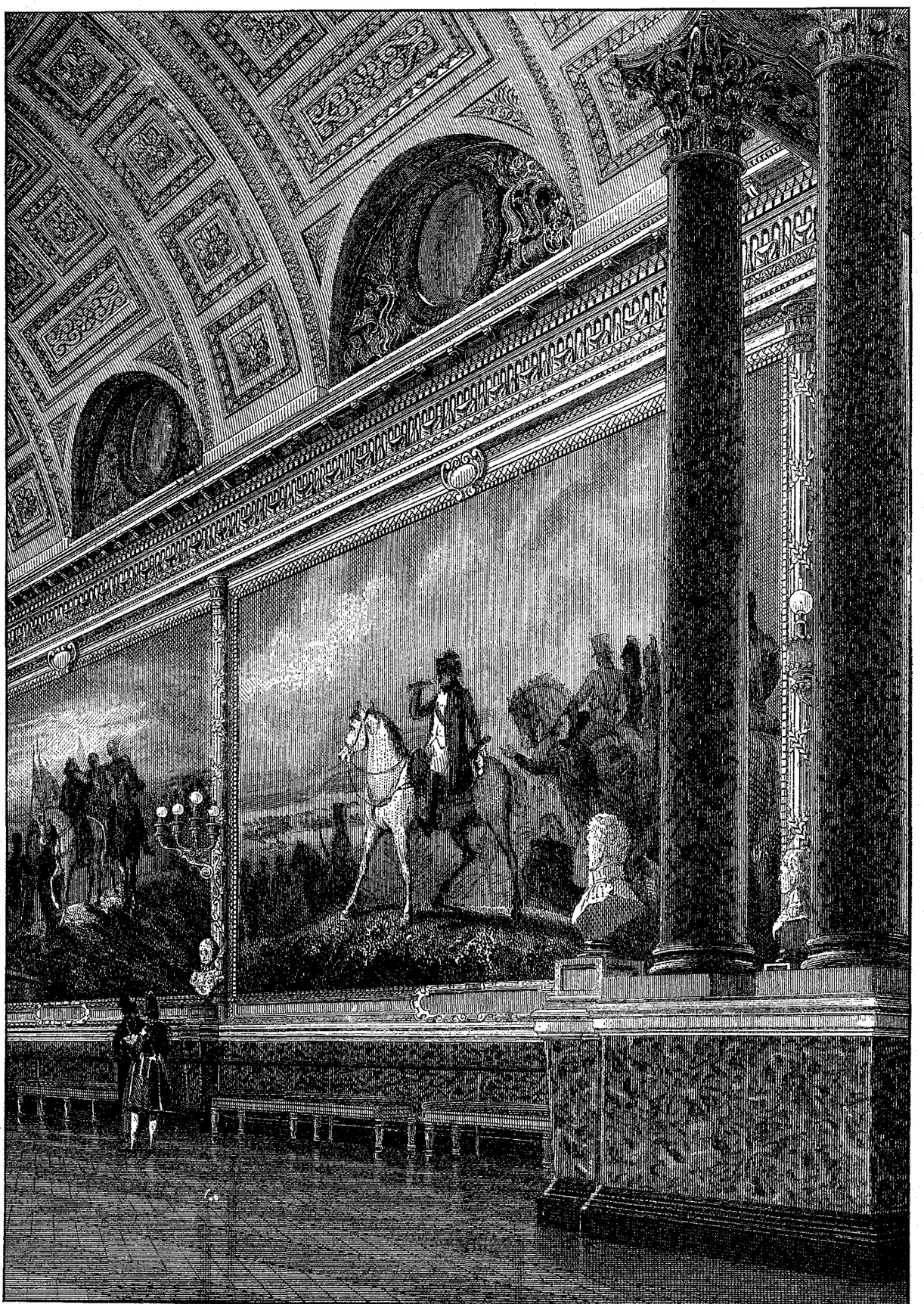
VERSAILLES AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE



A PAINTING IN THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES, WHERE THE FINAL CEREMONIES OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE MAY BE HELD

The Peace Conference will be held at Versailles, which is chiefly celebrated for its splendid Palace, now a national museum. The vast apartments of the Palace contain a wonderful pictorial record of French history. Among the most notable of these pictures are those in the Gallery of Battles showing events in Napoleon's career. The one seen in the above reproduction of an old French engraving shows the conqueror on the field of Austerlitz, perhaps the most brilliant of his victories. See following pages and the accompanying article on Versailles

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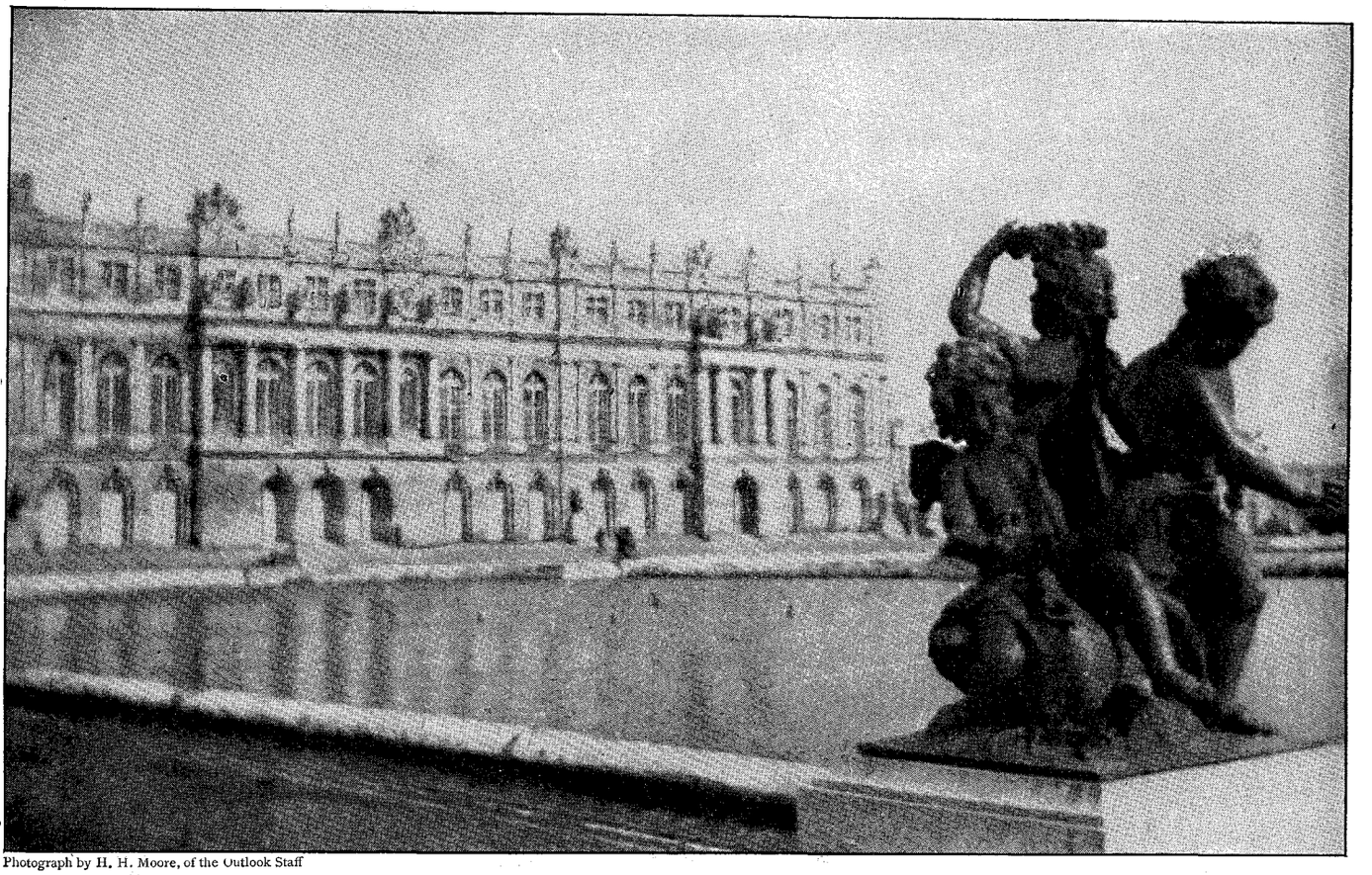
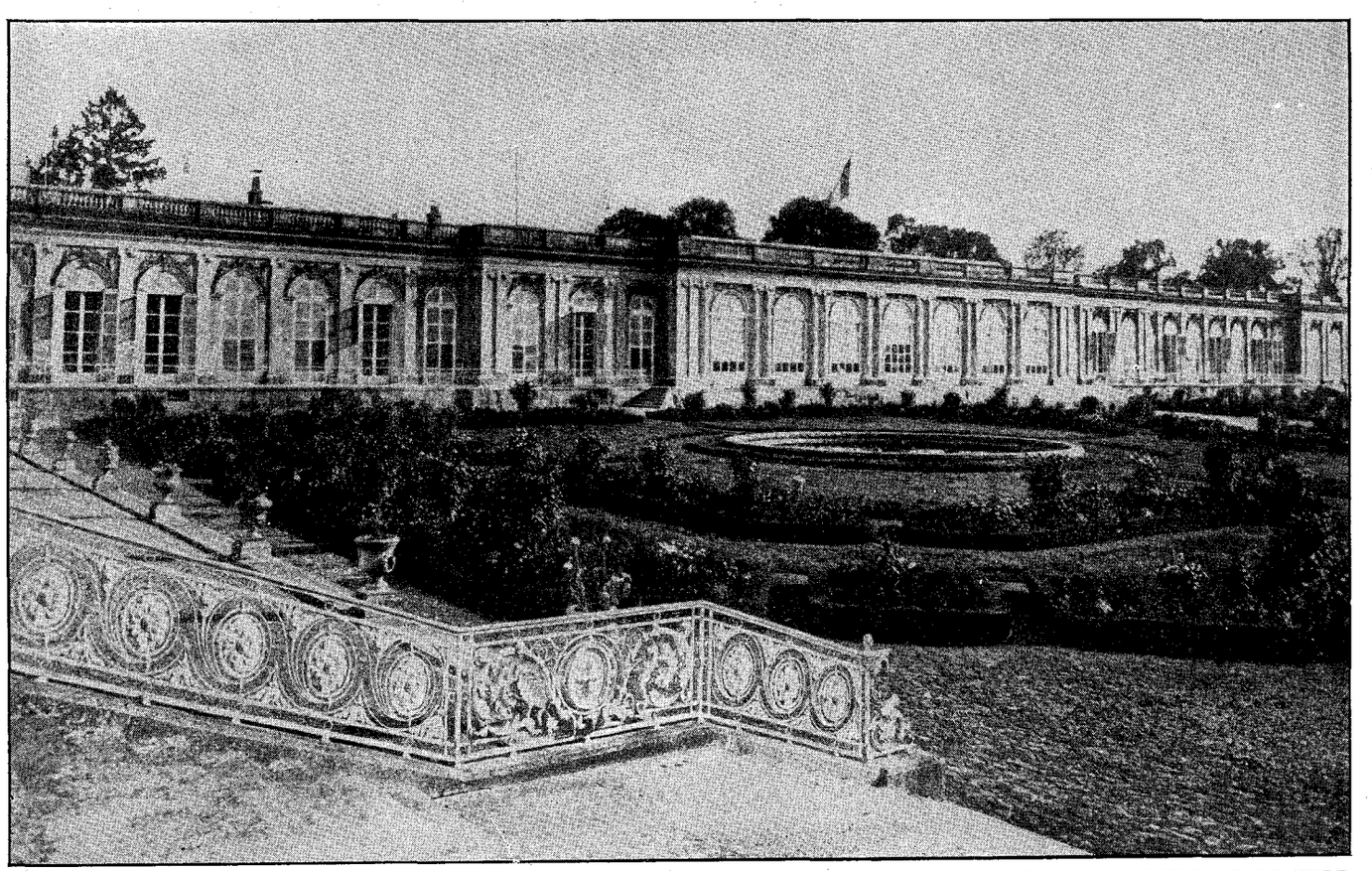


Photograph by H. H. Moore, of the Outlook Staff

THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES—A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL FAÇADE, FRONTING THE PARTERRE D'EAU

The portion of the Palace shown above contains the great Galerie des Glaces, a picture of which appears on the opposite page. From the windows of this Gallery one may look on the Parterre d'Eau with its bronze statues, one of which is seen in this picture at the right. More distant from the Palace are fountains and the Grand Canal, with beautiful gardens on either side



THE GRAND TRIANON AT VERSAILLES—THE CHÂTEAU IN WHICH THE SESSIONS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD

The Grand Trianon, originally built for Madame de Montespan, was afterwards radically reconstructed. It is described by Baedeker as a "handsome one-story villa," and by a famous French writer as "a palace of marbles, of jasper, of porphyry, with delicious gardens." The Grand Trianon was used as a place of recreation and relaxation for the King and Court; it was also the scene of splendid fêtes in its early days, sometimes rivaling those given at the Palace of Versailles

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From an old Engraving

THE FAMOUS GALERIE DES GLACES IN THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

This Gallery (the Hall of Mirrors) is one of the most magnificent apartments in the world. It contains over three hundred mirrors, whose reflections of the frescoes and colored marbles of the room give it a dazzling appearance. The frescoed ceiling is the largest painted surface existing in France. In this Gallery, in 1871, the German Empire was constituted with the proclaiming of the King of Prussia as German Emperor. The same Gallery will probably witness the final act in the disappearance of that Empire with the signing of the Peace Treaty of 1919, and the formal restoration to France of Alsace and Lorraine

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THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS[1]

A FASCINATING biography—fascinating in its style, which scintillates and sparkles on every page; fascinating in its spirit, though its good-humored cynicism grows monotonous; fascinating in its substance as a character study.

It is entitled "An Autobiography." It is so in fact, but not in form. The author never uses the personal pronoun I. He writes of himself always as a third person. And this is no clumsy device to escape the appearance of egotism. He habitually thinks of himself in the third person. He sits in the audience and sees himself act. What interests him is his own part in the drama. It is a minor part, and he fully recognizes that it is a minor part; but that makes no difference. For what interests him is not his effect on the audience or on the other actors in the drama, but the effect of the other actors in the drama and of the audience upon him; not what part his contemporaries have had nor what part he has had in making history, but what part history and his contemporaries have had in making him. This gives significance to his chosen title, "The Education of Henry Adams." His general conclusion is that their effect has been—nothing.

Henry Adams lived in stirring times and among men of great parts and great powers. His grandfather and great-grandfather were both Presidents of the United States. His father was that Charles Francis Adams who was our Ambassador to England during the Civil War, whose courage and tact probably saved us from a diplomatic break with Great Britain, which would certainly have prolonged the war and perhaps have brought it to a different conclusion. But neither Lord Palmerston nor Earl Russell nor Mr. Gladstone, nor even his own father, arouses his admiration. No more did Seward or Sumner or Chase or Stanton, nor even Lincoln. His etching of Lincoln is worth repeating if it were only to indicate what effect this foremost statesman of his age had at first sight upon a cultivated Bostonian. He writes:

> Had young Adams been told that his life was to hang on the correctness of his estimate of the new President he would have lost. He saw Mr. Lincoln but once; at the melancholy function called an Inaugural Ball. Of course he looked anxiously for a sign of character. He saw a long, awkward figure; a plain, plowed face; a mind, absent in part, and in part evidently worried by white kid gloves; features that expressed neither self-satisfaction nor any other familiar Americanism, but rather the same painful sense of becoming educated and of needing education that tormented a private secretary; above all, a lack of apparent force. Any private secretary in the least fit for his business would have thought, as Adams did, that no man living needed so much education as the new President, but that all the education he could get would not be enough.

Mr. Adams's self-painted portrait shows a man admirably adapted to play the part of "melancholy Jaques." He has a genius for criticism; he has little capacity for admiration; enthusiasm must have been his *bête noire*. The only man he met in his career to whom he pays the tribute of an unstinted admiration was Clarence King. Next to him, perhaps a close second, was John Hay. But then it must be added that he has no admiration for himself. We do not think he speaks of any one quite so contemptuously as he speaks of himself. "Before Mr. Weed went away," he writes, "young Adams followed him about, not only obediently—for obedience had long since become a blind instinct—but rather with sympathy and affection, much like a little dog." Perhaps Thurlow Weed should be cited as an exception to the general statement that Mr. Adams lacked capacity for enthusiasm, for of Mr. Weed he says: "He was the model of political management and patient address; but the trait that excited enthusiasm in a private secretary was his faculty of irresistibly conquering confidence." And this faculty he explained by the sentence: "The trait that astounded and confounded cynicism was his apparent unselfishness"—a trait which, we add, Mr. Weed's political contemporaries did not generally attribute to him.

Good-humored cynicism pervades Mr. Adams's Autobiography from cover to cover, but it is always good-humored, and the reader is often perplexed to determine how seriously it is to be taken. His boyhood education seems to him quite fruitless. Religion disappeared from his life, although "this disappearance of religion puzzled him. . . . Neither to him nor to his brothers or sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian Church was so irksome that they all threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards entered a church." His schooling was no better. "He always reckoned his school days, from ten to sixteen years old, as time thrown away. . . . Latin and Greek he could, with the help of the modern languages, learn more completely by the intelligent work of six weeks than in the six years he spent on them at school." He spent four years at Harvard. The impression of others was that he was a success at college, for he was elected class orator, which was, we believe, and still is, the highest honor his class could bestow upon him. But all he can say of it is that class day afforded him and the class poet an occasion for "reciting such platitudes as their own experience and their mild censors permitted them to utter," and that one of his relations remarked of it that "as the work of so young a man the oration was singularly wanting in enthusiasm." The net result of the four years he characterizes as "negative." "In his opinion, the education was not serious, but in truth hardly any Boston student took it seriously, and none of them seemed sure that President Walker himself, or President Felton after him, took it more seriously than the students."

Two years abroad followed Harvard; the first year, or the first half of it, at Berlin. "In 1858 Berlin was a poor, keen-witted, provincial town, simple, dirty, uncivilized, and, in most respects, disgusting. . . . Apart from discipline activity scarcely existed. . . . The arbitrary training given to the memory was stupefying; the strain that the memory endured was a form of torture; and the feats that the boys performed, without complaint, were pitiable. No other faculty than the memory seemed to be recognized. Least of all was any use made of reason, either analytic, synthetic, or dogmatic. The German Government did not encourage reasoning." When at last April came "he made up his mind that, wherever else he might, in the infinities of space and time, seek for education, it should not be again in Berlin."

He returned home to find himself in the midst of the exciting Presidential campaign which preceded the Civil War, and then to go with his father, Charles Francis Adams, first to Washington, then to the Court of St. James's, where he served as his father's private secretary. His portraits of the English statesmen and of English aristocratic society at that time are perhaps the most interesting and the most valuable portion of his narrative. But they illustrate the not too familiar motto that we are apt to see what we look for, and that therefore different eyes see different pictures on the same stage at the same time. Lothrop Motley "said to him early in his apprenticeship that the London dinner and the English country house were the perfection of human society." Not so does Mr. Adams find them. "The greatest social event gave not half the pleasure that one could buy for ten shillings at the opera;" "there was not then—outside of a few bankers or foreigners—a good cook or a good table in London;" "nothing could be worse than the toilettes, nothing less artistic than the appearance of the company;" and "the manners of English society were notorious, and the taste was worse."

We cannot here follow Mr. Adams back to Washington, where he lived and wrote during the period which followed the Civil War, nor to Harvard University, where under President Eliot he was Assistant Professor of History for seven years. From neither phase of his life did he get much satisfaction. His work at Harvard seems to us of the best, perhaps in its methods as nearly ideal as is possible in a very un-ideal world, and it seemed both to his students and to his superiors admirable in its results, but to him it was a "failure." Editing pleased him no better. "The press was an inferior pulpit; an anonymous schoolmaster; a cheap boarding-school." And the life of an editor "was a dog's life when it did not succeed, and little better when it did."

The open-minded reader will recognize the absolute candor

[1] The Education of Henry Adams: An Autobiography. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

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with which Mr. Adams has written this volume of self-revelation, and will rise from its perusal with the feeling that the writer, in spite of his cynicism and his sometimes caustic pen, is a lovable man, but also with the conviction that his achievements were not equal to his abilities. Perhaps the reason may be found, in part at least, in two significant sentences in the Autobiography. Mr. Adams was wont to go out to Rock Creek Cemetery, in the vicinity of Washington, to study the Adams monument by Saint-Gaudens, "to see what the figure had to tell him that was new," and also to listen with interest to what tourist visitors had to say of it. In general each one "saw only what he brought." And toward the close of his volume Mr. Adams says, summing up his life, "One consciously pursued nothing, but drifted as attraction offered itself." It is possible that Mr. Adams has seen in life only what he brought, and that he would have brought something different if he had pursued with singleness of purpose some object less self-centered than his own education.

PEACE

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

The cannon's voice is dumb,
The sword is sheathed again,
Homeward our legions come,—
Is it peace for the sons of men?

Peace for the troubled earth
And the host of those that lie
In the lands that gave them birth
Or beneath a stranger sky?

Shall children laugh for aye
And the sound of weeping cease
At the call of those who cry
Peace—when there is no peace?

Peace? What is peace but a name
For the war that shall not end
While souls are wrought in flame
High heaven to defend—?

Peace is a living sword
Forged for the hand of man
At the smithy of the Lord
In the halls where life began.

Peace is a challenge blown
In the trumpet of the wind.—
Till the stars are overthrown
Lift up your eyes, O blind!

And with your eyes mark well
God's banners swinging clear.
What do those banners tell?
To arms! For peace is here!

A REPAIR SHOP FOR MEN

BY FRANK H. POTTER

This article was written last summer while we were yet at war, as a chapter in a book on the Naval Reserve, and was dedicated to the mothers of men in the Naval Reserve. It is still timely, for the principles which Commander Osborne is putting into effect at the Naval Prison at Portsmouth are as applicable to the Navy in time of peace as they are in time of war.—THE EDITORS.

IT will probably strike some of you mothers that Portsmouth Prison is a painful thing to think of in connection with the boys whom you have so heroically given to the service of your country, and who have so patriotically embraced that service, but it is to be hoped that before you have finished this article you will have changed your minds.

In the first place, it must be remembered that military law, by which the Navy is governed, is extremely severe in time of war. A moment's consideration shows that this must be so. Discipline of the strictest sort must be observed for the safety of everybody in a ship's company; carelessness or slipshod methods might very well cost the lives of everybody on board. Lack of punctuality in returning from leave at a time when ships are liable to be ordered off on a minute's notice—as they were, for instance, on the occasion of the submarine raid last June—might cause a ship to go to sea short-handed. The habit of instantaneous, automatic obedience is vital for fighting the guns. For these and for a dozen other reasons, as well as for the sake of the discipline of the individual man, and, by example, of the whole ship's company, it is necessary to inflict very sharp punishment for what are, in substance, very trivial offenses, not for the sake of punishment—for what is important is not the past—but to impress upon the transgressor that, being in the wrong, he must not offend again. This is for his own sake and for the sake of the men who sail with him—in other words, for the future, which is what is important.

When any breach of the regulations occurs, the offense may be dealt with by the commanding officer or, if it seems to him sufficiently important, by court martial, and the limits of a commandant's discretion are pretty well circumscribed. Hence it comes that offenses which in peace time would be entirely trivial become in war time objects of a general court martial, and if the offender is convicted he is subject to a term of imprisonment in the Naval Prison at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. Moreover, under the old dispensation, he necessarily received a dishonorable discharge from the service, which automatically prevented him from ever after serving the United States in any capacity—for it carried with it the loss of citizenship—no matter how patriotic he might be or how valuable his services.

Now what concerns you mothers is the fact that your boys might quite innocently get into just such trouble as this. If one of them overslept, or missed a train, or if his watch stopped and he was a couple of hours late (these are extreme cases, but similar ones have happened), he technically became a deserter, or, at the very least, was guilty of overstaying his leave. One day a very green boy was starting off on leave, and as he left the station he turned to one of his companions and asked him, "When is our leave up?" In fact, they had only three days, but the other boy replied, "A month from to-morrow." It was meant as a joke, and was never expected to be taken seriously, but the first boy, who was so green when he entered the service that he had to be shown how to use a telephone, took it for earnest. He went off on leave, and appeared punctually on time—a month later—was court martialed, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment for desertion. Of course he was to blame for not himself looking into the length of his leave, but there was no intent to desert, and in civil law it is the intent which constitutes the essence of a crime. If I accidentally kill my friend when we are out shooting, I am not convicted of murder. But the military law is different, and there was noth-

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ing else to do in the case. That is one of the sacrifices which a man makes when he goes into the service of his country, and cannot be helped. This individual boy has made good in a remarkable way at Portsmouth, and is one of the most reliable of Commander Osborne's men. Unless a pardon can be obtained for him from the President he will be dishonorably discharged when his time is up, and it is no small testimony to his character that two or three different people have offered to take charge of his education, realizing that here is valuable material which is going to be thrown on the scrap-heap if a helping hand is not extended to him.

There is another case, one in which the boy shares the blame with his mother. This boy went on leave, and when it expired his mother could not bear to give him up, and kept him on for a few days. In some way the police of the town in which he lived learned of this, arrested him, and kept him till they could get the reward of fifty dollars for returning him as a deserter. It was an unspeakably dirty thing for the police to do, of course, but they were within the law. Last year the newspapers asserted that trapping men and holding them till they could be returned as deserters and the kidnappers get the reward—for they were kidnappers and nothing else—reached such proportions in New York that the police had to look into it. They found that a gang had rooms in an office building into which they would inveigle very young soldiers and sailors who could be persuaded to overstay leave, keep them quiet by promising to see that their cases of overstaying leave were taken care of, and then, when sufficient time had elapsed, send them back to camp or navy yard as deserters, and collect fifty dollars a head, as though returning fugitive slaves. Happily the ingenious individuals who invented this scheme are now "doing time" themselves, but there is no way in which to prevent such cases as that given above, where the police of a boy's home town practice such villainy. Here again nothing but Mr. Wilson's pardon can save that boy's life from being ruined.

Sixty-five per cent of the inmates of Portsmouth Prison are of this class; they are men who have been careless or stupid, perhaps, as green boys must necessarily be, and most Naval Reserve boys are green. Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, recognized what an economic waste this was, and called to his aid Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, to whom he gave a commission in the Naval Reserve and to whom he intrusted the care of Portsmouth Prison. He knew Mr. Osborne's career at Auburn and Sing Sing, and what he had done in reclaiming human derelicts, and that it was perfectly certain that he would more than repeat his success with these boys, who are so innocent of evil intent.

So, mothers, please understand the situation when Lieutenant-Commander Osborne came to Portsmouth. There were several hundred boys there who had committed military crimes through ignorance or carelessness or inadvertence, and who yet had, by military law, to be sentenced to prison as though they had committed their offenses intentionally.

When Mr. Osborne and his assistant, Professor MacCormick, came, they had their heads shaved, put on prison uniform, and served for two weeks as prisoners, so that they might find out what was the general feeling of the men and how they looked at their situation. There is something curious about wearing the prison uniform; so long as Mr. Osborne and Professor MacCormick wore it the men came to them and confided in them with the utmost frankness; there was nothing that they were not told. But when they returned to civilian garb, there was at once a gulf fixed between them and the men. It became "Sir" again instead of "Tom," and though the men knew that there was just as much interest in them on the part of Mr. Osborne as on that of "Tom Browne," the name which he made famous at Auburn and Sing Sing, it was not quite the same thing.

What Mr. Osborne and Mr. MacCormick found was a terrible state of bitterness against the Government through the whole prison. Here were hundreds of young men who had enlisted in the Navy with the most patriotic feelings, and here they were, condemned to prison for faults which they only half understood, the importance of which they did not at all realize, and, worst of all, when their terms were over they would be forbidden ever to serve their country again. It was a sorry outcome to their patriotic self-sacrifice, and no wonder they felt bitter about it.

This is not the place in which to detail at length the means which Lieutenant-Commander Osborne took to remedy the situation; the results are what concern us. The first thing he did was to call the men together and tell them what he wanted to do. He put it epigrammatically when he said that he hoped to turn the prison "from a scrap-heap into a repair shop." That is what he has been doing ever since—he and his invaluable assistant—beg pardon, executive officer—Lieutenant MacCormick. On his arrival there were literally more Marine guards than prisoners, every man's head was shaved, and each prisoner's number was sewed conspicuously on every article of his wearing apparel, front and back. Practically every time a prisoner moved he was accompanied by an armed Marine; even the barber shop was inside a steel cage, and that again was inside the prison building, with all sorts of locked doors between it and the outside air. It would be difficult to conceive more humiliations to heap on young men; and over sixty per cent of these had gone into the service with the most patriotic motives and had committed no deliberate crime. Truly, Mr. Daniels has done few wiser or more humane things than to put a stop to such a state of affairs.

Mr. Osborne relaxed the severity of the prison discipline, sent away most of the Marines, stopped shaving heads and wearing numbers, and substituted the honor system so far as it could be done, helping the men to help themselves. He preached the doctrine of making good, and in order to enable them to make good got an order from the Secretary of the Navy by which he can recommend men for restoration to the service after a certain percentage of their sentence has been served, when they have demonstrated by actual achievement their fitness for restoration—the plan being somewhat, in effect, like an indeterminate sentence.

In order to accomplish this the men are trained to work just as they would be trained on board ship, so that when they are restored they are more valuable for their imprisonment instead of being lost to the service altogether. More than one thousand of them have been so returned, and their number increases month by month. What is more, the character of these men is so high that they are actually in demand. One commander of a ship wanted some men and applied to the commander of the receiving ship in Boston for "some men from Portsmouth." "We haven't any just now," replied this commander. "Then I will wait till you have some."

The whole tone of the prison has changed. A year ago it was one of sullen resentment. Last June two thousand men assembled to greet the "graduating class," cheered every reference to the war and to patriotism, and applauded each graduate as he came up to say good-by to Commander Osborne.

The honor system seems to work perfectly; at any rate, there is a camp in which there are eight hundred men, and for months there was not even a fence about it. The only guard consisted of five sentinels, even at night, yet there was not a single attempt to escape. Why should there be? These boys knew that they were paying a debt to Uncle Sam incurred through their own carelessness or stupidity—at any rate, through their own fault—and that when that debt was paid they could go back to the service with a clean slate, and that was what every one of them wanted to do. Moreover, they knew that they were getting a special individual training with regard to their personal weaknesses. One such man wrote back to Commander Osborne that he had not only recovered his own rating but had been promoted. "The repairs you put on me," he said, "have made the old machine better than it was at first." And that has already been done to more men than would be needed to man a superdreadnought.

"Their mothers are crying aloud for their sons' return to the uniform," wrote one man who had won his own way back. Those mothers may be comforted by the thought that if the severity of martial law brings their boys into trouble they will have kindly, sympathetic care, will be studied so that their special weaknesses may be remedied—and who of us has not some special weakness?—and will be returned to the Navy with the opportunity for an honorable and useful career before them. "Not a scrap-heap, but a repair shop."

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THE GOOD SHIP SAUSAGE

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"WANT to go up in the Sausage, do you?" asked the officer commanding an American kite balloon station in Ireland.

"Yes."

"All right; you can go up with Grey to-morrow," said the C. O., nodding toward a young fellow with a tanned round face sitting opposite me across the joint mess table of the submarine and kite balloon officers aboard the mother ship.

"Can you swim?" asked Grey.

"Yes."

"That's fine. Then you can try out our new parachute, eh?"

Four faces browned by ballooning and a score with the pallor of submarine life were turned towards me inquiringly.

"Uh—huh—er—ah—all right."

The table shook with laughter.

"Never mind," said Grey when it was quieter. "I guess you'll do. And maybe we won't need the parachute. Come aboard the Polar Bear [the names of ships and people in this article are fictitious] at nine to-morrow morning."

The Polar Bear was the British warship which was to tow the balloon around the bay in a practice hunt for American submarines. Early in the morning I saw her, moored a quarter of a mile away, with the big gray sausage balloon above her, anchored in the sky, the Stars and Stripes snapping in the rigging over the basket.

Later, when I stepped aboard the Polar Bear, a deck engine was hauling down the balloon. Grey was there, a sailor assisting him in getting into an elaborate harness of straps buckled around the shoulders, chest, waist, and legs. Another balloonist, who had just boarded the ship, stepped up to him and whispered in his ear. Grey at once began to unbuckle the harness.

"Here, Mason," said he, "put on this parachute harness."

"What about you?"

"Oh, the other parachute is out of order; but I don't need any. I can parachute down in the balloon."

"You wear that harness, Grey. I'll go without it or I won't go at all."

But no argument would move Grey to take the harness. When I suggested that I would put off the balloon trip until another time when there were two parachutes, he would not hear of it. "I can parachute in the balloon if it comes to that," he said repeatedly, "and I want you to come along and take some pictures."

By the time I got into the harness the balloon overshadowed the deck, a great gray air fish, blunt in the head like a sculpin, thrashing from side to side and dragging nearly off their feet thirty seamen who hauled on the guy ropes.

A dozen hands clutched at the basket when it came low enough. It threw them back and forth over stanchions and rows of barrel depth bombs. Other hands heaved sand-bags into the basket, and it finally settled on the deck, still writhing under all the sand and the men who held it.

Grey and I leaped at the little wicker cage, balanced over the edge on our stomachs, and somehow got in. There was just room for two men to stand or crouch. We threw out all but four of the sand-bags and each of us held one of these on the basket rim, ready to dump them also.

"All ready," yelled Grey; "let her go."

The dozen hands released us and we rose slowly, swinging from side to side in great swoops which carried us now twenty feet to starboard of the ship, now twenty feet to port. Grey dumped one sand-bag, then another. We began to rise more rapidly.

I crouched in the basket, concentrating all my attention on a white wisp of cloud in the zenith. There was no sense of upward motion then, only a sideways swaying, more gentle now.

"Ah-ahhh," breathed Grey a minute later, "that's better."

Cautiously I peeped downward over the basket rim.

Phew! In a few seconds we had risen fifteen hundred feet. The land and sea looked just like the photographs made from airplanes. A cold sweat broke out on me. I squatted in the basket and gazed intently at my shoes, at Grey's shoes, at anything to avoid the awful panorama over that thin wicker rim.

Now that the Polar Bear had stopped paying out cable the heartless wind seized us, tore at us, flung us this way and that. "Kite balloon," all right. The very bucks and plunges of a boy's kite. Grey was leaping about the basket in utter disregard of its flimsy structure. If he did not capsize it, he would knock out its bottom—the pitiful wicker shell which was all between us and fifteen hundred feet of emptiness. I looked up. Only six pieces of miserable clothes-line were holding us to that—to what?—to several thousand cubic feet of vapor within that thin, squashy hide, wriggling, inflating, and subsiding with a cloud's lack of solidity. Two pitiable atoms were we, suspended in the air from a cloud of hydrogen. Oh for an airplane with its engine, its sense of control!

The rigging creaked, whistled, and trembled as if about to break. To give myself something to do I tore the cover off a film and loaded my camera.

"Thatta boy!" said Grey; "take one of the balloon hangars and one of the ship."

Still half crouching, I shoved the camera over the basket's rim and pressed the bulb. I dared not lean out to see what I was taking.

"Get a good one?" asked Grey, cheerfully.

"Yep."

I pushed the camera out the other side and pressed the bulb again.

Suddenly a thin metallic buzz rang in our ears. It was a telephone hanging inside the basket. Grey put the receiver over his head.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Hey? Too heavy?"—a pause.

"I've only got two bags left. Better save them for landing. All right, we'll see." He hung up the receiver.

"They say we're too heavy and the cable's sagging down to the water," he explained to me. "But I think it will be all right as soon as we start."

"Now really," I said, earnestly, "you better have them haul down and put me out. I *weigh too much*."

"Oh, no," said Grey. "I think it will be all right as soon as we get started."

"Now listen, old man," said I, with wonderful self-abnegation, "you mustn't consider me at all. I just wanted to come up to get the sensation here and to take a few pictures. I've got my pictures now (*sic*), and I don't care *anything* about making the trip. Really I don't. I *wouldn't think* of inconveniencing you in the *slightest*. Now just tell them to haul down the basket and let me out."

I was arguing desperately, a dying man who sees a chance of life. Grey pondered, then pushed the telephone button to call the ship. No answer. He tried again. He was visibly disturbed. Evidently something very serious was wrong. The dying man's momentary hope disappeared. Needing to do something, I took up the telephone box and cradled it gingerly, as if that would help it. I said to myself:

"I must keep my nerve; he may need my help." Aloud I asked, "Can't you get them to haul down?" and I was ashamed of the eagerness in my voice.

"It's quite all right," said Grey, confidently. "There's still two bags of sand; and if that isn't enough we can throw our clothes overboard."

Suddenly there was a change. We had been in a gale; now we were in a dead calm.

"We're off," said Grey. "Take a look."

Grasping the rigging firmly, I peered over the rim. The tops of the bare brown mountains seemed stationary. I looked lower.

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The beach was rushing away beneath us. I had a glimpse of tiny destroyers at anchor, then we swept on.

"Polar Bear's making sixteen knots an hour," Grey remarked. "Isn't this nice?"

"It's—it's better," I answered, drawing my first full breath.

Grey continued to call on the telephone at short intervals without getting an answer.

There seemed to be no atmosphere at all. We were borne along on a soundless tide. I kept my eye on distant clouds, trying to find shapes of animals and men in them to forget our horrible predicament. I felt it was ten to one I should never get down alive, and I dared not nourish hope on that slender chance. Better to face the worst. I fixed all my determination on the effort to meet any fate coolly. But I kept wondering what it would be like to fall—fall—fall.

Grey reached over the side, brought in a rope end with a snaffle, and hooked it into a ring beneath my chin in the parachute harness.

"The parachute is in that case, on the outside of the basket," he explained. "If anything goes wrong, you just jump and you'll tear the parachute out of the case. Don't worry if it doesn't open for the first three or four hundred feet. You're pretty heavy."

A cold sweat broke out on me again. "Don't worry!" By the time I had dropped three or four hundred feet I should be beyond all worry! Every man has his particular fear. Since the days when the rest of "the gang" in Tucker's barn used to "stump" me by walking across a narrow beam over the haymow my particular fear has been height. Still I managed to think about Grey.

"But what'll you do?"

"Oh, I'll climb up in the rigging and use the balloon as a parachute," he lied, cheerfully.

"But there isn't much danger of falling, unless we get on fire," continued my companion. "We're much more likely to break away."

"Break away?"

"Yes, snap the cable or the rigging connecting with it and float away by ourselves."

"How high would she go?"

"Oh, only ten or twelve thousand feet."

Ye gods! *Only* ten or twelve thousand feet! Although in that moment I honestly felt my chances of getting down from that balloon alive were negligible, it was not death I feared, for all fear of that was overshadowed by the much greater fear of *height*. I longed to be in a submarine. Peering over quickly, I saw two beneath us, shaped like toothpicks—the sharp end the bow. I remembered arguments I had heard at the mess table between submarine men and balloon men. The latter expressed unbounded admiration for chaps who constantly faced the risk of drowning in a box under water, like rats drowned in a pond by the stable boy. The submarine men contended that there was nothing in that if you did not give way to your imagination. "But to be up there in the clouds absolutely at the mercy of the elements, and then to fall!"

I shuddered; ah, that was it. In a sinking submarine, as the water rises inside the steel box which incloses you, you need not struggle; when the water reaches your chin, you can just close your eyes, put your head under, and go to sleep. But here, before you could die you must fall—fall!

"I hope we break away," said Grey, laughing. "The wind would carry us right into Ireland, and we could make a sensational landing, telegraph for men to come for the balloon, and have a week-end in Dublin."

"Yes, and we might break our necks landing. I roomed with a fellow at college who organized an Intercollegiate Balloon Society, and he was always being bumped against stone walls and trees when he landed."

"Oh, that's all right. I don't mind being bumped against good dry land. What I'm afraid of every time I go up in this sausage is that, when they pull us down at the end of the watch and the balloon begins to dive, we'll be slowly dragged into the water."

"I hope so."

"What you say?"

"I say I ask for nothing better than the assurance that I'll get down from this crazy balloon and be gently dumped into the water."

"Gee, you're a nervy cuss!" said Grey.

Every man has his particular fear. I knew Grey's now, and the knowledge made me almost cheerful.

I stood up and imitated Grey, who was examining ships below us with his glasses. A little passenger steamer passed beneath, and we could see the people staring at us with idle interest. One passenger was taking our picture. How heartless! Didn't they realize our plight? But I remembered how I looked at the Sausage from below with just that degree of casual interest. From the ship's deck the balloon's height seemed nothing remarkable. From here it was horrible. The next time I looked at a balloon or airplane from the ground I would appreciate this heroism. How I envied the people on that ship, and the crews of the submarines, which were just beginning to submerge!

We had passed them now; but even when they got under water they were conspicuous enough to the naked eye. Although the projecting periscope of each was a mere black pin, the white ribbon of wake behind was unmistakable—quite different from the wakes left by our ship, the passenger steamer, and the three American destroyers which had come out to practice with their hydrophones.

If those submarines had been Germans sneaking up to attack ships with us, we would have seen them long before they were within torpedo range.

"On a clear day you can see a 'sub's' wake ten miles from one of these balloons," said Grey, "and under good conditions you can see his hull thirty or forty feet under water. These 'K. B.'s' are much better for hunting subs than seaplanes or flying-boats. They're cheaper, to begin with, and they can go up in a seventy-five-knot gale. Besides, a balloon can measure angles and ranges accurately when a flying-boat is only estimating them. Of course we don't carry bombs, as the planes do, but then we're in constant telephonic touch with the destroyers, and the flying-boats are not. And when it comes to bombing Fritz, you'd better pick a destroyer."

This was the enthusiast arguing for his own pet. The flying-boat men contend just as vigorously for the superiority of their own craft.

Again that thin, whiny buzz of the telephone startled me.

"Hello!" called Grey. "What's matter? I been callin' you for ten minutes. Now you put a man on your end of this telephone and *keep him there!*

"What? Oh, yes, it's all right."

He turned to me. "The cable's taut now. They've just hauled us down three hundred feet; they think we'll manage better that way in this wind."

"That's better," I replied. "I don't notice any difference between fifteen hundred and twelve hundred feet, but every little bit helps."

Grey laughed. "The higher you are, the safer, and the more sure you are of your parachute working."

At his reference to the cable I looked at it for the first time. A thin black thread falling straight toward the ship, whose bow was beneath us. How frightfully thin! Two-thirds of the way down I lost it—where it began to bend towards the stern of the Polar Bear. And that ship—just a boy's toy boat! If we fell, she would be crushed.

The other ships were toys too, and the trees, and a tiny white lighthouse was a boy's sand castle. The fields were little patches of green, or of blue where cloud shadows fell, or of golden brown where wheat grew. The haycocks were gray golf tees. The roads were strings of confetti thrown over the landscape by aimless children. The sea was a blue tablecloth with little dabs of spilled salt where whitecaps were breaking. The largest waves were mere pocks on the surface, and the whole sea had a slightly corrugated appearance. The funniest things were the gulls which followed our ship with set wings. Though twenty or thirty feet above water, they seemed playthings of white tin pulled over the surface of the sea by invisible threads from the ship.

Grey began to explain things, and that helped a little. He showed me the barometer, and three valve pulls to let gas out of the balloon in case we broke our cable and bumped the sky.

"Grab this if you want to come down," said he, indicating a

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cord, "and haul in hand over hand with all your might. It rips a patch right off the bag and lets the gas pour out."

For only a moment curiosity held off fear, then I squatted back in the basket. It was no help to look up instead of down, for up there was that crazy gas-bag, trembling, surging, advertising its own immateriality, a huge distorted thing about to burst like an overpacked puffball.

And there were we in that insanely dancing hamper, held only by six ⅜-inch cords to an absurd feeble skinful of fog. I cursed myself for coming; I cursed the mad creature man for experimenting with such things as balloons and submarines, for not being satisfied with the solid earth—oh, the earth, the good brown earth! Just to smell it again, taste it, and feel it under my foot!

To look at the bottom of the basket only reminded you of its horrible fragility. There was only one sight to view with any comfort—the great bare coastal mountains, fixed and steady as God.

I stared at them, and hope began to return. After all, the men on the ship could haul us down in a minute or two. Perhaps they would do so and change passengers near the end of the bay where we were going now to look for a sunken torpedo. Although the height was still terrifying, the calmness was rather pleasant. The basket was rocking very little now as we ran in toward land and had the wind dead aft. If only my companion would stop jumping about like a lunatic in a cage!

Sounds from the deck reached us, and a rooster's crow from the shore. Clouds obscured the sun just as we reached the promontory near which the torpedo had been lost. The water turned from blue to black. Grey had said that a submarine hull was visible thirty or forty feet under water on a clear day, but we could see nothing in that murky sea as we searched for the torpedo with our glasses. Where the water was very shallow bottom was indicated by patches of light yellowish green.

Grey telephoned down that we could see no torpedo. The ship began to turn, leaving a wide circular track of white foam. As the clumsy balloon turned also we went out of the calmness which had laved us into an atmospheric maelstrom. We rose and fell in the breaking surf of it, furiously buffeted. The rows of short picket lines whipped against the bulging sides of the gas-bag like reef points whipping on a sail, and the thirty-foot guy ropes trailed out behind like snapping kite tails. The balloon's stabilizers and rudder swelled with the air which rushed in through vents in the forward ends of three long pouches sewed on to the rear end of the gas-bag. These three pouches give kite balloons the peculiar appearance of wearing a life-belt around their sterns. The pouches have the floating, tremulous appearance of elephant ears.

Each time the great kite plunged downwards and sideways, as it would if a boy giant were jerking the cable, the six ropes holding the basket to the balloon would sag limply, as if suddenly cut. This produced a sickening feeling in us, the sensation of suddenly dropping in an elevator.

We were now behind our towing ship and tugging at our cable. In addition to its other motions the basket rose and fell in sharp bounds each time the ship below rose and fell on the increasing waves, and the little hamper also vibrated violently from the trembling caused by the strain on the steel towing line. The wind was rising rapidly, the sky darkening, and the bare mountains were growing manes of fierce cloud. The Polar Bear was still making sixteen knots and the wind was blowing more than forty in the opposite direction, so that we were struck with the total force of a sixty-knot gale.

Grey let down two little hammock seats inside the pendulous oriole's nest, and we sat facing each other. I had to shout to make him hear me, and I shouted often, to avoid thinking.

That high, faint call of the telephone kept chilling me. It always suggested bad news—news from another world. Usually, however, it rang to let one of the officers below chaff Grey about the wind or his passenger.

"How's your passenger—seasick yet?" asked the captain of the Polar Bear.

"No; but I am," answered the young balloonist, truthfully.

Seasickness is not uncommon even in old hands at kite ballooning. Grey had been at it only a few weeks. All my sickness centered in my head, which was ready to split with aching. A kite balloon combines all the motions of a ship and a circus tumbler.

It was now evident that Grey had no intention of changing passengers, and pessimism returned. As we began to pick up familiar landmarks near harbor I dared not hope; I only felt how much more grim would be our death now—with home in sight.

The submarines came to the surface again—toothpicks floating in a bathtub of disturbed water. The destroyers were also bound for port. Close behind each vessel its wake was a white ribbon, farther back it seemed a trail of gray smoke clinging to the water, and yet farther behind the wake was a smooth, shining path through the dull damascene of the sea. Those ships which were going against the wind and waves threw a deep furrow off each bow, the two furrows forming a V-shaped ripple like the trail of a waterbug across a placid puddle. This V-shaped ripple and the wake were much more conspicuous than the ship to us and could be seen for miles. The sides of each ship were frothing, the rocky coasts were foaming, and white snakes ran in and out of the long crevices in the rocks.

Ah, there beyond the toy lighthouse was our harbor; behind it a thin strip of land, and then again the sea, filled with steep islands erupting fog.

We passed directly over an anchored sailing ship, its spits of masts inviting us to impale ourselves. The Polar Bear decreased speed as we went up the harbor. How slow they were below about getting the mooring! Those sailors did not seem to realize the desperate haste of getting us down. Our fate was of no importance to them.

I looked up at the foolish balloon again from the mad basket. For out on the water I saw the shadow of the sausage—hardly more intangible than it—and below I saw the shadow of the basket, a barely perceptible blotch on the sea. Man is just as impermanent as that shadow, I thought. Our emotions, agonizing or pleasant, are just as evanescent. Our fate *is* of no importance.

I sat down to put the camera in its case.

"Well, did you know we had dropped?" spoke Grey suddenly.

I looked overside. We were barely three hundred feet above the ship. In a few seconds we had dropped nine hundred feet, but I had felt no motion. I stood up and said fervently:

"Thank God! That old salt water looks good to me!"

"It looks like hell to me," said Grey, just as feelingly. "Now is the time to worry. If anything went wrong now, the parachute would be no good. You couldn't jump."

"Well, who *wants* to jump?"

I stood now with an air of nonchalance for the benefit of the bluejackets gazing at us with curiosity from the Polar Bear.

Then, as the deck engine hauled on our cable again, there began a bucking more violent than any of the previous antics of balloon and basket. (For a week afterwards I had the bruises of a football game.)

"Hang on," yelled Grey; "this part is always the worst." With one hand he gripped the rigging and with the other he held a bag of sand, ready to drop it overboard if the Sausage should dip too near the water.

Strong hands seized the guy ropes and pulled us down toward the Polar Bear's deck. The basket bumped over depth charges holding three hundred pounds of high explosive, and finally came to rest. After sand ballast was put in we climbed out. We had been up two and a half hours.

Then Grey told me why his particular fear was water. He could not swim a stroke.

On his next trip, a few days later, when hunting German submarines, as the balloon was being hauled down to the ship what he most feared happened; he was thrown out of the basket and drowned.

Grey was not his real name. But if these lines should be read by one of his family the circumstances would be recognized. He was a fine, brave chap, and died as truly for his country as if his balloon had been brought down by a German shell.

London, September 18, 1918.

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ABOUT "BULL"

BY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER

"Bull" was a big, hulking, bragging personage who at home was one of the small links in the chain of a rather notorious political machine. He counted his subjects by tens, just as his superior did by thousands, and *his* superior by tens and hundreds of thousands!

When Bull arrived "overseas," he was horribly thirsty. He had found the ship, comparatively speaking, a Sahara, aggravated rather than relieved by the few pints he had managed—at great cost—to abstract from scantily provided stewards and even coal-heavers.

So he stepped on shore with a great relief, for here, from all accounts, was a land flowing with many varieties of liquid joys. Maybe it was, but on the way from the ship to the neighboring camp he hiked with the rest, perspiring mightily, and with no chance at all of stopping at the singularly uninviting but potentially satisfactory wine-shops—shops that lined the way till the town was left behind and they had got well into the country. Never mind. They would all get town leave before long, and then—well, he smacked his lips at the thought and swore softly to himself.

Sure enough, after a thirsty week or two leaves began to be granted, and eventually one came to Bull as well as to his crony Reds McPhee. True it is, he had already managed to procure some of the inevitable red and white wines of the land, but, after sampling, he threw them away with great disgust and vowed they were no "man's drink!" Ugh!

When he had his precious slip in his pocket, however, refreshing vistas rose before his mind's eye, and off he went, with mocking advice from his company in his ears, predictions as to the abject condition of his return, if he managed to escape the "M. P.'s"—as the military police are called. They had much to say about the singular efficiency of these gentlemen and their strenuous ways. But nevertheless off went Bull and Reds to town in a convenient truck, which landed them in the principal "square." There Bull hopped off, and with his crony made straight for the first enticing and hopeful-looking door. But when he arrived he saw standing nonchalantly near it a stalwart M. P., casually looking away and seemingly much bored.

Bull and Reds passed promptly on, just as though they had had no idea of passing those forbidden precincts. In fact, they were not forbidden at all; only they did not know this fact. They went by two or three unpromising places and walked straight again for the next large and well-patronized house. But just as they were arriving who should turn the corner and come towards them but their own first "looey"! So with stiff salutes they marched straight on.

And just as they approached a third place they almost ran into their major! More salutes, and once more Bull's vocabulary was drawn upon, and generously. "W'at kind of a joint is this?" he moaned; "lousy—*lousy* wit' officers an' [unrepeatable] M. P.'s."

Then they tried another, but an obnoxious M. P. across the way seemed unduly interested. And so for six mortal attempts Bull found, or thought he found, authority standing in the way—or looking suspiciously at it. After the sixth attempt, and a second meeting with their lieutenant, Bull drew forth his entire vocabulary in all its beauty, and then went over it again, to be sure that nothing was neglected. "An' his tongue," according to Reds, who told the tale afterwards, "his tongue was a-hangin' out like a dorg, he was so dry wit' cussin' an' thoist!" and it was just then that they almost walked into a sign that stopped them in their tracks. Before an inconspicuous shop they beheld a placard to this effect:

AMERICAN ICE-CREAM SODA

Ice-cream soda! American! The two stared. It *was* a hot day, and they were very dry. Does one have to enlarge upon the subtle attractions of our National drink—especially when, amid such circumstances, it was advertised in a far and foreign land? Bull grabbed Reds by the arm and hauled him right in. True, there was no cool white fountain with attractive array of nickel-plated fixtures, nor was there the ravishing sound of a spray of water splashing against the inside of a decorative glass globe. Nevertheless in high hope they sat themselves at a diminutive table, and quoth Bull to Reds as a petite mademoiselle approached:

"What kind d'yuh want, Reds?"

"Me?" asked Reds, puzzled, as most of us are when we have to make this important choice even though we know well enough we are going to take our favorite flavor in the end. "Me? Gimme ra-a-s-berry wit' choc'let."

"All right," agreed Bull, "an' git me vanilla cream wit' choc'let soda—that's th' stuff!"

"*Comment?*" asked the girl. "*Je ne parle pas anglaise.*"

"Gosh!" declared Reds, disgustedly; "this here Jane can't talk English. What kind yuh got, Susie—what kind?"

Mademoiselle shook her head despairingly.

"What kind—*what kind?*" demanded Bull, trying to make himself better understood with the aid of more noise. "*What kind?* Peach? Strawberry? Vanilla? Choc'let—"

"*Oui! oui!*" exclaimed Susie, enlightened; "*chocolat!*"

"Well, gosh-a-mighty!" exclaimed Bull, relieved; "bring us chocolate—two!" and he held up two fingers.

"*Oui, messieurs—tout' suite!*" replied she, and trotted off at once.

"Toot sweet?" said Reds. "What's that talk? Sweet? Hope it is—good an' sweet!"

"Sure," grunted Bull, licking his lips in anticipation.

In came Susie, beaming. Before each one she placed a small goblet, in the bottom of which was a portion not as large as half an egg of what appeared to be—and was—chocolate water-ice. Then she produced a soda siphon. "*Voilà!*" And it was accomplished.

Bull and Reds looked at each other and then at their sodas. There are some climaxes in human experience before which volubility stands mute. They looked at mademoiselle, standing there expectantly.

"It was all right," Reds said afterwards; "it wasn't ice-cream, for there wasn't no cream, an' it wasn't American. Otherwise it's name was all right!"

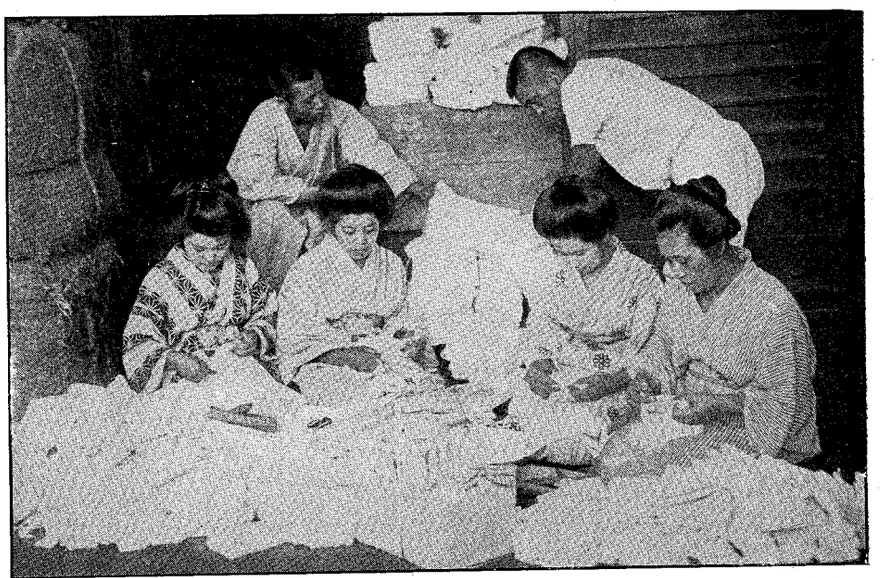
Bull twiddled the siphon and fooled a little with his goblet, and finally he filled his glass with the warm soda, in which the button of chocolate promptly melted. Reds, who had watched Bull's performance with a kind of "gone" feeling, horribly discouraged, helped himself also to the soda. Then the two—the girl still watching with evident expectation—slowly drank their portions and set the goblets down before them. In Bull's mind was the awful contrast of what he had expected and what he actually got. For a minute Bull and Reds looked at each other with dull eyes. And then suddenly the whole picture appeared to Bull in its grotesque reality. He put back his head and gave a roar of laughter, which scared the mademoiselle half to death. Louder and louder he roared, Reds finally joining in the chorus.

Then Bull, with a still louder roar, banged the table with his fist.

"Come on!" shouted he. "Come on! Let's be real devils—and have *another!*"

CHARLES K. TAYLOR,
A. E. F., France.

WAR RELIEF WORK IN JAPAN



This photograph of a group of Japanese ladies, members of the Buddhist Ladies' Relief Association, engaged in making comfort kits for Japanese soldiers in Siberia and Japanese sailors in the Mediterranean, has been sent to us by a former member of the staff of The Outlook who has recently gone to Japan to engage in newspaper work there. It is an interesting indication of the world-wide support which the women of every nation have given to their fighting men in the war

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THE CHILD AND THE WAR

THE AFTERMATH

IN the recent Liberty Loan drive, among the distinguished works of art that made the windows of Fifth Avenue a picture gallery a mile and a half long, was the symbolic group pictured herewith, entitled

THE SHRINE OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Perhaps it was too subtle for the man in the street whose imagination was more vividly appealed to by George Bellows' "*Kultur*," but it held a striking message for the thoughtful man and woman who paused to admire its beauty and symmetry of line.

If it were merely for our own lifetime and generation, it is doubtful if the Great War would ever have been fought. But it is for the child at the altar of Liberty that we have given our manhood and poured out our treasure, to make a decent world for him and his children's children to grow up in.

With all this nobility of purpose in mind, it is for us to see that the by-products of the struggle do not bring lasting bitterness and a deformed vision to this young life. What wreck and ruin has been brought to the childhood of Europe is vividly shown in a war syllabus now in use in the New York City public schools. The children in invaded countries have been maimed, wounded, killed. They have suffered loss of home and parents. They have endured shell shock, gas attack, bombardment, and starvation, with interruption or entire lack of schooling during these awful years.

Even in England, besides the great number who have lost parents and relatives, they have suffered air raids and bombardments, privation and terror, interrupted schooling and non-observance of child labor laws.

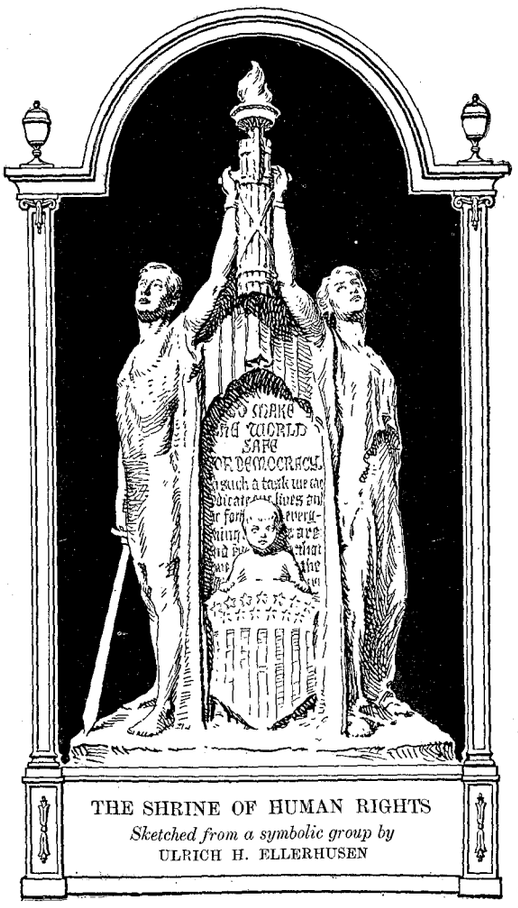
Because, by a mere geographic chance, our own babies are spared such physical horrors, we must not think they have escaped the blighting effect of War's fiery breath. You and I have memories of a normal, peace-blessed world. The past four years of horror and disillusionment seem to us an ugly dream.

Have you ever considered that, to the child of seven and eight years, this battle-racked world is the only one he has ever consciously known?

In Rheims and Arras children have gone to school with gas masks on. Our children have had no gas masks to protect them from the bitter knowledge of facts we ourselves would not have believed possible five years ago. An anxious American mother writes to John Martin:

"During these terrible years it has been a heavy thought to me that our children are growing up in a world where hideous things have been made *familiar*. To think that they are not going to remember the time before the war—the time when no nation had become the symbol of faithlessness and cruelty, no nation the symbol of martyred innocence and agony! That they must accept the fact as commonplace of their fathers and brothers being trained to *kill*—that whole nations are given over to famine and destruction!"

From a thoughtful American father comes this message: "I am looking to John Martin's Book to keep unembittered the springs of life in those who will be the citizens of to-morrow."



THE SHRINE OF HUMAN RIGHTS
Sketched from a symbolic group by
ULRICH H. ELLERHUSEN

The purpose of John Martin's Book in normal times is to provide for the child a merry, character-forming companion that will be a living force for good in the young man and womanhood so soon to come. In these days of turmoil and doubt it aims more than ever so to fill the developing minds with forceful, wholesome thoughts that there will be no room for the shadows of confusion that hang so heavily about them. John Martin's Book does not leave its small readers in the dark concerning the momentous happenings of the times. But it presents them in their constructive aspects, calculated to inspire patriotism, fearlessness, honor, and service.

It supplies to the child a direct and living influence that is as truly assimilated into his mind and morals as his mush and milk is incorporated into his sturdy little body. The magazine speaks to him in his own language and is infinitely more vital in forming character than scores of psychological books, no matter how clever, in the hands of his parents and nurses. It bears to the child the happy influence of a loving *friend*.

It is not for nothing that this has been designated the children's year, for the necessity of keeping childhood normal has been recognized by all thinking people from the President down.

If we are to have a strong, sane, mentally balanced race to meet the problems of to-morrow, we must be sure that in these days of readjustment and reconstruction the safeguards around our children are not let down, but that every possible constructive influence is made available for them all.

The Outlook Advertising Section

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK

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WHICH LASTS A YEAR AND LIVES A LIFETIME

CHILDREN who have JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK are given in the fullest measure of their hearts' desires. It is the very Voice of Childhood, merry, hopeful, helpful and spontaneous. Arranged for children from three to ten years of age.

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and a host more surprises and delights in endless variety, all with a wholesome and helpful delight to the children.

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AND

every little subscriber receives from John Martin a merry "Introduction Letter" telling that *you*, the donor, send the gift; in addition the children receive pretty HOLIDAY and CHRISTMAS CARDS. In fact, nothing that adds to the *personal delight* of The Book is forgotten.

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Child's Name
Street Address
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(Please state your relationship to the Child)

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of November 27, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Feeding Germany; Feeding Europe.

Reference: Page 481.

Questions:

1. What is The Outlook's attitude toward feeding Germany and Europe? For what reasons does it hold this attitude? 2. How do you account for the fact that the Germans have not shown regret for Germany's barbarism? Do you think the Allies should feed the German people before they sincerely repent of Germany's inhuman deeds? Reasons. 3. Explain why anarchy produces starvation and why starvation produces anarchy. 4. Discuss whether Americans should make any sacrifice to feed the Germans. 5. Would it be fortunate or unfortunate for anarchy to spread throughout Germany? Reasons. 6. Does common humanity demand that we feed the Germans? Tell why or why not. 7. Do you consider the appeal of the German women to Mrs. Wilson and Miss Addams German propaganda? If so, what is its aim? 8. Discuss the following statements: The German people shared with the Kaiser in the ambition to dominate the world. They are still a crafty and conscienceless people. They, like him, must be tried at the bar of international justice. 9. Name and discuss probable results of America's willingness to feed European nations. 10. Those who are inclined to be sentimental toward the German people are urged to read "The German Terror in France," by A. J. Toynbee (Doran); "The Nemesis of Docility," by E. Holmes (Dutton); "Fighting Germany's Spies," by F. Strother (Doubleday, Page).

B. Topic: The President's European Visit.

Reference: Editorial, pages 487, 488.

Questions:

1. Why have doubts arisen about the President's visit to the Peace Conference? 2. What is The Outlook's attitude toward the President's European trip? Give reasons why you do or do not share this opinion. 3. Tell why you think the President wants to attend the Peace Conference. 4. The American people would not allow either the legislative or the judicial department to go to Europe. Give the reasons. Do the same or similar reasons hold against the Executive Department going? 5. Discuss: "The American people are not ready to assent to the suggestion that only one person in all their number possesses such a monopoly of wisdom and discretion that he must be present at the peace proceedings in France." 6. Read a valuable little book, "The Presidency," by W. H. Taft (Scribners).

II—FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Topic: Germany in Transition.

Reference: Page 482.

Questions:

1. For what reasons is it "difficult to feel certain as to the internal condition of things in Germany," as The Outlook says? 2. Does it seem reasonable to believe that William II is not "as dead and gone as he seems to be"? Discuss. 3. Discuss the probability and the results of the return of "Mr. William Hohenzollern" to Germany. 4. Do you believe that the future safety of civilization demands that "the whole Hohenzollern tribe should be disposed of as soon as possible"? Reasons. 5. Discuss Germany's political future, both national and international.

III—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Preparing for Peace.

Reference: Pages 481, 482.

Questions:

1. Explain how what The Outlook says on this topic is related to the topic. 2. In what respects might some students of current affairs expect this topic to be treated differently than The Outlook treats it. 3. Give reasons why the question of preparing for peace is an important one. 4. Nearly 4,000,000 men were taken by the Federal Government from industrial pursuits. Ought the Government to do anything about translating these men back into civil employment, or should they be made to shift for themselves? 5. Name and discuss four after-the-war problems. 6. Read three very suggestive books: "America After the War," by an American Jurist (Century); "Americanism and Social Democracy," by John Spargo (Harpers); "Budget Making in a Democracy," by E. A. Fitzpatrick (Macmillan).

IV—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. The problems of peace are harder to solve than the problems of war. 2. America should not approve the President's arrangement for conducting the Nation's business while he is away. 3. Theodore Roosevelt is the best qualified peace delegate in America.

V—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for November 27, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Sentimental, furor, naïvely (481); liberal statesmen, criticism (488); abdication, rampant, Provisional Government (482); peace, interned, integral (482).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

What every Burglar knows

THAT the house guarded by "Yale" is not a happy hunting ground for him.

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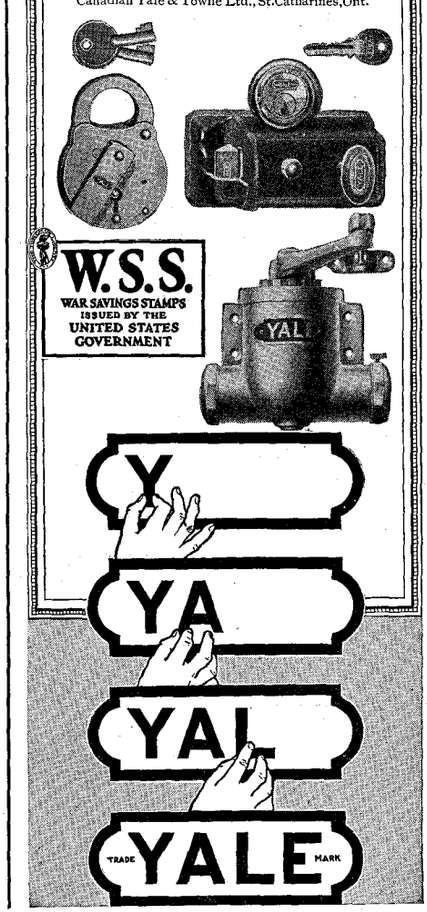

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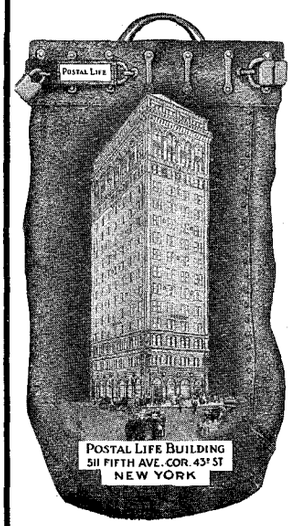

But now that Peace has come, there is no necessity or warrant for Government insurance except to compensate for disablement or disabilities due to the war. Government insurance policies are in no sense superior to those of the established companies. And a policyholder should be freed from every form of delay and red tape, which is the case in the New York companies as now operated and supervised.

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It should be noted that the POSTAL operates through an arm of the Government service; that it is subject to the United States Postal authorities; that it maintains the high reserve standards required by the State of New York, by whose Insurance Department it is audited and supervised.

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SLACKERS

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

After a certain municipal election a friend of mine—an architect—was furious that the first official act of the new party in power was to stop work on an important and imposing building.

"So that's what they do!" he exclaimed. "It's outrageous! That new court-house would have been a joy to behold and a great thing for our city."

His æsthetic sense was injured. He really felt personally aggrieved, though he had not been the designer of the building.

"Did you vote for the other candidate?" I asked.

"No."

"Did you vote for this Mayor?"

"No."

"Then don't let me hear another word of complaint. You're a civic slacker, just as guilty as the military slacker. Only last week I heard you criticising a verdict given in the courts. A woman who had murdered her uncle in cold blood was allowed to go scot free. You said if *you* had been on the jury she'd never have got off. But how long is it since you have done your duty as a citizen? Don't you always try to get off? Be honest now!"

"Well, I admit that I've *never* served on a jury in my life. It takes so much of my time, and—well—well—" he began to stumble—"you know how busy I am at all seasons."

"So are we all, if we amount to anything. It's the busy men, not the loafers, who ought to be jurymen, because they're far more intelligent. I'm sure if I ever got into trouble I wouldn't want a lot of bootblacks and half-educated park loafers to try my case. I'd want sound business men who would give careful thought to me. I'd want professional men, like you—men of family and position in the locality. The trouble with us all is that we dread being the least inconvenienced. We're everlastingly trying to evade something. As a matter of fact, jury duty isn't a bore at all. It's the best way to study human nature, for one thing. You get a close-up of lawyers' minds and judges' ideas and prisoners' points of view. You see a drama very often that's mighty well worth seeing; and you come away feeling that at least you have served the community to the best of your ability. You haven't left your city in the hands of the muckers. You have been in the trenches of the jury-box, where, particularly in this time when the younger men have been fighting in a far more important trench, it is all the more essential for you to sit. They have had to stand, you know. And you even object to sitting down."

My friend looked at me.

"I'll serve next time," he said. "What's more, I'll make all the men in my office serve. And I'll come home to vote, even if I'm two hundred miles away on a good job. This country needs soldiers at home."

THE OCCUPATION OF ZABERN

(From the New York "Sun")

In the official list of important cities occupied by the Allied armies, a list that includes Brussels, Antwerp, Metz, and the upper Alsatian capital of Colmar, appears the name of Zabern. This little town on the border of Alsace and Lorraine, tranquil and peaceful enough to be called the "town

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Are the Letters You Write GOOD Letters?

"Not If They Merely TELL Things," Says This Successful Letter Writer, Who Shows the Simple Knack of Making a Reader FEEL as You Want Him To, About What You Say

One of the directors of a great women's magazine, coming late to his office one morning, pulled a circular letter out of his pocket and sent for his assistant. "I want you to find the man who wrote this letter," he demanded.

He was excited. The evening before he had been discussing with his neighborhood druggist the choice of a tooth paste. "I'll have a new one in a few days," the druggist had said, "best one on the market. This is it—" and he had brought out the circular letter.

The publisher had glanced at it in a bored sort of way, then his interest had been caught, and he began to read. He read the letter through and then re-read it. "I'll want to try some of this tooth paste when you get it in," he said. "It sounds good."

"Certainly does," agreed the druggist. "And that's a mighty fair, liberal business proposition they make, too. I ordered half a gross right away."

The next morning as he brushed his teeth the publisher thought of the new tooth paste again. Suddenly it occurred to him how peculiar it was that both he and the druggist should have come to have confidence in a product neither of them had ever seen, or even heard of before. "By Jiminy!" he exclaimed, "now that's—" and on his way to the office he stopped in again at the druggist's. "Could you let me have that letter if you're through with it?" he asked, and the druggist gave it to him. As he read it again on the street car a determination grew in him. "I want you to find the man who wrote this letter," he had demanded of his assistant. "I want to meet him. If he's what I think he is, I want to hire him, no matter what it costs.

"Just read it, man!" he exclaimed as he handed the letter to the assistant. "What that fellow, whoever he is, has put into that letter is just what ought to be put into every letter that goes out of our own office. It's more than plain statement of fact—it's something more than human interest—it's more than mere sincerity—he has given the letter a REAL PERSONALITY! Why, this letter TALKS—*talks* with you as you read it, like a human being! You don't feel as though you were READING anything, but as though you were having a friendly chat with its writer!"

Well, the man was found and he was hired, though it took months of diplomatic manœuvring before his real identity could be discovered in a tight little Chicago office, and more months before he could be induced to come East.

That was thirteen years ago, and since then hundreds of other business men have "discovered" Herbert Watson in a good deal the same way. He has come to be known as a sort of "wizard" at the writing of any type of letter. When business houses have had a problem difficult to solve in getting mail orders, or in enlisting the interest and co-operation of dealers, or in gingering up a sales force, they have sent for Watson to write letters that would bring in the business. When they have had trouble with making collections on small or widely scattered accounts, they have sent for Watson to work out collection letters that would get the money. When advertisers have found that inquiries from their advertising were not developing into real sales, sooner or later they have hunted up Watson to plan follow-up letters that would turn interest into purchases.

From as far east as Salem, Mass., to as far west as Kansas City, this man has jogged quietly about, as his services were sought, studying the problems of manufacturer, merchant, banker, real estate man—and who knows what all?—sizing up the job to be done, then writing the letters that did it. And all, seemingly, as merely part of the day's fun, for as his friends and associates testify, he kept up at the same time a never-breaking flow of personal correspondence with friends and acquaintances everywhere—vivid letters of description of new towns or places, letters of comment on the people met, humorous letters of the day's experiences, and gossipy letters of intimate, personal news!

And now this past-master of the knack of writing good letters tells the simple, homely secret of his work.

Frankly, freely, without reservation, he tells just how it was that with only a hit-or-miss small-town education and no particular gift for writing or talking, he developed the knack of taking any set of business conditions, or budget of personal news, and writing or dictating a letter about it that usually would have just the effect on the reader that he wanted it to have.

"Writing letters, with me," he says, "has been neither science, nor art, nor natural gift. It has been just a knack that I cultivated. I found there were certain movements to go through in order to write a really good letter, just as you have certain movements to go through in shaving with a safety razor, or tying a necktie—or, my dear lady, in doing your hair up in curl papers!

"Absurd, you say? But wait.

"Why do you write or dictate a letter?

"Everyone has a different answer. 'To tell a prospective customer about my goods or my proposition,' says one; 'to tell my boy in France the news from home,' says another; 'to dun a debtor for a bill,' says a third; and so on.

"But, do you know, in writing thousands of letters—so many thousands I can't count them—I have found ALL were written for the same simple purpose? Yes, sir, upon my word, for just one simple purpose—to create my own FEELING in my reader's mind!

"Stop and think about that.

"The business man writes his letter about his goods—why? Why, so the prospect will FEEL that the goods are superior, or extra value, or something of that sort. The mother of a boy in the army clears off the parlor table to write a letter of home news to Jim or Tom—why? So Jim or Tom will feel, for instance, that everything's fine at home. The credit man dictates a dunning letter—same reason—so the debtor will feel as the credit man does—that the bill ought to be paid at once!

"Well, what's that got to do with how to write? Why, it simplifies the whole proposition. For what makes a person FEEL anything? Not fine words or brilliant phrases or correct grammar. A ten-year-old boy on the street can say something that makes you feel merry, or sad, or full of sympathy—or like slapping him in the face—while the most polished remarks of the gentleman who meets you on the next corner may leave your feelings wholly untouched.

"So writing a good letter—that is, a letter which will make its reader FEEL as you want him to about your news, or your goods, or your argument—and, as far as that goes, making a good sales talk or a good speech or being an interesting talker—is a matter of the most simple, elemental human nature. *It is the same for any kind of character of letter.*

"When I have a letter to write or dictate, whether it is a letter to my wife or my boss, a form letter for a client or a letter telling about something I have seen, I ask myself two questions—always the same two questions. The answers to those two questions tell what I must say in my letter and the order in which to say it. I never have to worry further about that part. Then I ask myself three more questions—in one-two-three order, and as I answer them I WRITE THE ANSWERS. Those answers are my letter!

"Foolish? Maybe so, if you are a naturally gifted writer. But if you are not—well anyway, for myself I have found I can write or dictate letters that way that sell goods, collect money, smooth over complaints, amuse my friends, cheer up folks in trouble, make the people at home interested in my experiences while I am on the road—yes and when I was younger I used to get jobs with them!

"I'll show you the simple movements to make and you can use them or not, as you like."

And show you he does, in the most simple, interesting, entertaining fashion.

In a little 5-lesson course for home-study which he calls The Knack of Writing Good Letters, this man Watson takes up each of his movements in writing a letter, one by one, and demonstrates them on actual letters—sales letters, personal gossip letters, collection letters, letters of description, answers to complaints. It consists of five text books—handsome coat-pocket-size volumes, 8x5 inches, printed on heavy paper, sturdily bound in rich brown with titles stamped in pure gold—books that will be a credit to any library—and, in addition, a series of practice lessons, one for each volume, showing you how to put each movement into actual practice on any letters you may write or dictate.

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To be able to write or dictate letters that imbue others with your own feelings means power and place in business, and to be of influence in personal affairs. Try the simple movements that this man Watson has used in his own successful work, and see the results. Take no risk. Simply send the coupon.

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4—What must be done by a writer in order to give the reader of his letter the right *impression* of whatever he has to say?
5—How can you arrange the points of anything you wish to describe so it will seem *real* to the reader?
6—What is the secret of influencing a reader's attitude or acts?
7—How may you always find the proper way to *close* any letter?

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The Occupation of Zabern (Continued)

of roses," has scarcely more than five thousand people, yet it was the scene of a peculiarly significant incident that attracted international attention just before the war.

In November, 1913, a young German lieutenant, Baron von Forstner, in a speech to new recruits, said that he would willingly give ten marks out of his own pocket to any soldier "who would run his bayonet through a Wackes (an Alsatian)." He afterward struck with his sword a lame cobbler who was too slow in getting out of his way on the street. A popular remonstrance followed, and in the attempt to repress this expression of Zabern's indignation the colonel of the regiment, von Reuter, took upon himself the authority to declare military law.

The effect of the Zabern incident was twofold. It revived in France with much of its early intensity the Alsace and Lorraine question. The action of the people of Zabern was accepted as a clear indication that even after forty years the French spirit had not been conquered by German oppression. The trial and acquittal of von Forstner and the other officers of the Zabern garrison disclosed to the world the character and strength of German militarism. The Crown Prince sent his congratulations to von Forstner, and the whole of military Germany gave its approval of the severe measures taken by Colonel von Reuter. "We shall conclude," said a member of the Reichstag, "that the saber and not the law rules Germany. The result of the Zabern affair means the triumph of a war-thirsty soldiery."

The fate of the principal characters in the affair has been told in the despatches. Von Forstner was killed early in the war, shot by his own men, it was reported; von Reuter was killed in the advance in northern France; the Ninety-ninth (the Zabern) Regiment was annihilated—no quarter was asked and none was given. The lame cobbler, a despatch a few days ago reported, was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the French army.

Zabern has throughout remained loyally pro-French; from its position in the very heart of the lost province it exercised great influence in keeping alive the hope of restoration to France. To Zabern the coming of the Allied armies is an act of deliverance, for it had suffered more than any other Alsatian town from German autocracy.

VERBAL ATROCITIES

Speaking of "verbal mix-ups," as recorded in a recent issue of The Outlook, reminds me of one I heard in a small town in England. My husband and I were motoring and stopped there for some repairs. Some children were playing in the street and paid no attention to a woman who was calling loudly from the opposite side for them to come in. Finally I said, "Don't you hear your mother calling you?"

The biggest girl answered at once. "Her ain't a-callin' we. Us don't belong to she."

It is really surprising how many intelligent people persist in saying "between you and *I*" instead of "between you and me."

A friend remarked to me the other day, in speaking of a stranger whom she had met, "Between you and *I*, her grammar is atrocious."

It was difficult to refrain from pointing out her own error.

MRS. EDWARD C. WHITMAN.
Canso, Nova Scotia.

TAR KETTLES OF 1866

Measures taken to prevent the spread of the influenza epidemic recall those of the days following the Civil War when, in 1866–7 and 1868, a plague of cholera and yellow fever scourged the South.

Abraham Erno, a Civil War veteran who in 1866 helped combat the disease in Nashville, then a city of about forty thousand inhabitants, relates that the sanitary regulations introduced by General Butler during the war for cleaning up New Orleans were the ones adopted by the Nashville authorities. All possible buildings were whitewashed, quantities of carbolic acid were used, and the streets of the city fumigated by burning kettles of crude tar hung over bonfires built at the corner of every block.

The war having closed in 1865, all volunteers had been discharged and only the Regulars retained for safety and protection against guerrilla warfare. The soldiers stationed in the city were now helpful in carrying out civic orders.

For a time they took charge of the burial of soldiers, giving them a military funeral with the final salute, but so many deaths followed that they were obliged to dispense with all ceremony and give their attention to improving the condition of the living. The plague was overcome in 1868, about which time the Regulars turned their horses over to the Government and left for their Northern homes.

To any of the survivors to-day a whiff of one tar kettle brings back the memory of a hundred more. BESSIE T. DENNY.
Etna Mills, California.

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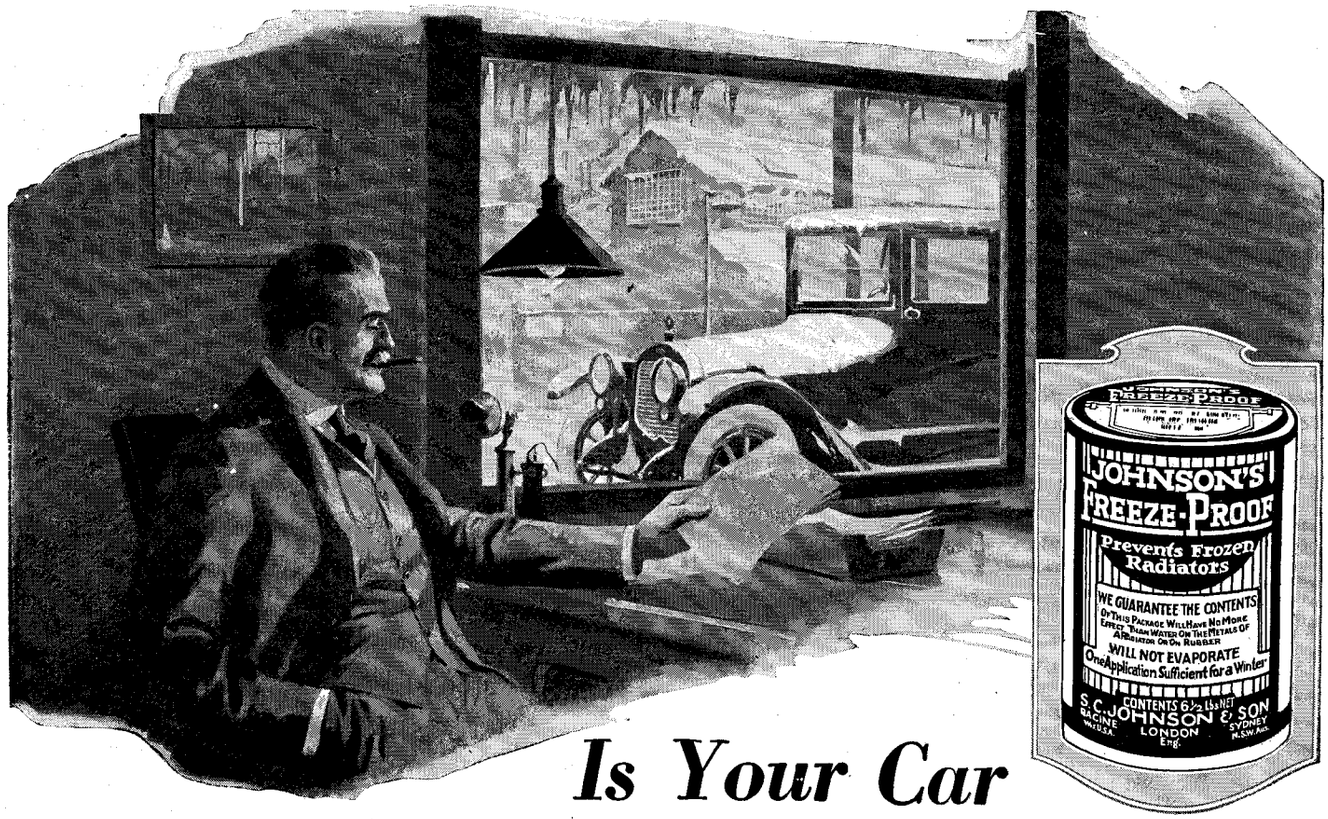

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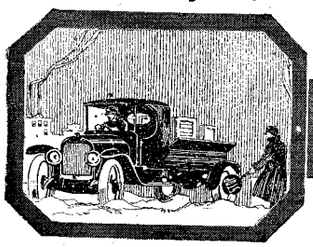

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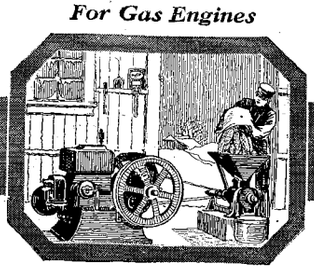

For Trucks

For Tractors

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CHILDREN'S READING

BY SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child To-Day and To-Morrow," etc.

THE restrictions placed upon the use of labor and materials by the various administrative boards may have reduced the number of books published during the war and until after the final terms of peace are received. But there are forces at work in the opposite direction; the war has produced its own flood of "literature," and the returning soldiers promise to add to the output. For not only is this the greatest war in history, it involves also the largest number of men—and women—conscious of something to say and of a fair facility in saying it. With the end of the war it becomes urgent that popular interest be rapidly developed in problems of reconstruction, if only to save us from the calamity of a new book from every soldier and nurse and commissioner. Nevertheless there are war books of real and of enduring value for old and young.

One of the disappointing features of the season's juveniles is the failure to utilize war facts and war idealisms in a more effective and more realistic manner. The war books written for the young are too frequently stilted and artificial to the last degree—as stilted and artificial as the juveniles of ante-bellum days. On the other hand, a number of the books written by men and women under the impulse of the tense feelings aroused by the stirring adventures of the war, while not intended for children, are so simple and direct, and, above all, so *real*, that they are quite within the reach of younger people. Not all of these, to be sure, are of permanent interest; but most of them are superior to the juveniles that have the single virtue of timeliness.

An excellent war record for children is the series by Elizabeth O'Neill, devoting a volume to each year—1914–15, 1915–16, and so on (Stokes). In the following lists only the best of the strictly juvenile war books are included, and those that have more than timely interest are starred. With these are a number published in recent years that are of value now because the interests of all have turned to foreign lands and peoples. These include various histories, stories of manners and customs and fairy tales of different nations, and informational books dealing especially with applied science. A number of these books were mentioned in the lists of previous years, but still remain the best in their respective fields. While the war has done so much to make the information in these books—except the fairy tales!—obsolescent, it has also made the subject-matter of special significance to children.

The books likely to be of more lasting value among those written for adults have also been starred.

A SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

WAR BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The Adventures of Arnold Adair, American Ace. By Laurence La Tourette Driggs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.35.

Absorbing adventures of a flier on the western front; true to the essential facts of aerial warfare. 10–14.

Oliver Hastings, V. C. By Escott Lynn. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. $1.50.

Stirring and interesting, though impossible, adventures of an English youth at the very center of the whole war. 10–14.

Uncle Sam's Boy at War. By Oscar Phelps Austin. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. $1.25.

"An American boy sees the European war," and learns a great deal about munitions, transportation, submarines, and trenches. 12–16.

***The Wonder of War in the Air. *The Wonder of War on Land.** By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. $1.35 each.

Reliable descriptions of the machinery and strategy of modern warfare, interestingly presented in story form. 10–14.

***A Boy of Bruges.** By Émile and Tita Cammaerts. Illustrated by Albert Delstanche. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. $1.50.

A story of child life in Belgium preceding the great war, and a picture of the German invasion. 8–12.

The French Twins. The Belgian Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.25 each.

The successful portrayal of child life in "The Eskimo Twins" is continued, but colored by the events of the war. 6–10.

OTHER JUVENILES OF TIMELY INTEREST

***The Story of the United States.** By Marie L. Herdman. Illustrated by A. S. Forrest.

Our Island Story. [England.] By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated.

An Empire Story. [The British Empire.] By H. E. Marshall. Illustrated.

F. A. Stokes Co., N. Y. $3 each.

Large, handsome volumes, interesting; attractive illustrations. 10–14.

***This Country of Ours: The Story of the United States. History of France. History of Germany.** By H. E. Marshall. G. H. Doran Co., N. Y. $2.50 each.

Interesting, well-written, and authentic stories, in attractive volumes. Illustrated. 10–14.

The World's Story: A Simple History for Boys and Girls. By Elizabeth O'Neill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. $2.75.

The story of man's life told in simple language. Illustrated. 10–14.

Other Juveniles of Timely Interest (Continued)

Children of Other Lands Series:

When I Was a Boy in Belgium. By Robert Jonckheere.

When I Was a Boy in Roumania. By James S. Van Teslaar.

When I Was a Boy in Greece. By George Demetrios.

When I Was a Boy in Palestine. By Mousa J. Kaleel.

When I Was a Boy in Russia. By Vladimir de Bogory Mokrievitch.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. 75c. each.

Authentic biographies of native children in the various countries. The above are of most immediate interest in the series. Illustrated. 10–16.

Pierrot, Dog of Belgium. By Walter A. Dyer. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.

Story of the present war and the rôle of a dog in defending his country. 10–14.

Romances of Reality Series: Electricity. Engineering. The Man of War. Modern Invention. The Aeroplane. F. A. Stokes Co., N. Y. $2 each.

Books of sound science and absorbing interest. 10–16.

The Boys' Book of Submarines. By A. Frederick Collins. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. $1.35.

History, uses, construction, and operation of submarines and submarine chasers. 12–16.

English Fairy Book. By Ernest Rhys.

Irish Fairy Book. By Alfred Percival Graves.

Scottish Fairy Book. By Elizabeth W. Grierson.

Italian Fairy Book. By Anne McDonald.

Hungarian Fairy Book. By Nándor Pogány.

F. A. Stokes Co., N. Y. $1.35 each.

Spanish Fairy Book. By Gertrudis Segovia. F. A. Stokes Co., N. Y. $1.50.

These books are attractively illustrated and convey the spirit of the different peoples with great fidelity. 8–12.

Danish Fairy Tales. By Gustav Hein. T. Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. $1.50.

Translations and whole make-up in character. 10–14.

Fairy Tales from Flanders. By Jean de Bosschere. Dodd, Mead & Co.. N. Y. $3.

Old tales of Flanders and Brabant that are still being told to the children. 8–12.

The Allies' Fairy Book. Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Illustrations by Arthur Rackham. J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila. $1.75.

Most of these tales are new to American readers; selections from Japan, Wales, Belgium, Russia, Portugal, Serbia, and Ireland. Very attractive. 10–14.

(*Continued on page 553*)

First Important "Life"
WRITTEN WITH AID OF
LIEUT.-COL. REQUIN
Of Marshal Foch's Staff
FOCH
THE MAN
By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN
¶ The man who blasted the way to World-Peace.
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¶ Endorsed by French Authorities.
¶ Commended as "showing a real understanding of Foch's character."
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Down North
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Cloth. Net $1.00

BOOKS FOR BOYS
GRIT-A-PLENTY DILLON WALLACE author of "Ungava Bob," etc., is to the front with a new Tale of the Labrador Wild. For adventure and realism of the most healthful sort boys will find it difficult indeed to beat this latest story from the surviving companion of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., the Labrador explorer. *Illustrated. Net $1.25.*
UNCLE JOE'S LINCOLN Edward A. Steiner author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant," etc., gives us a delightful story of the influence of the life of Abraham Lincoln upon the boys of a far-away land. Will move every patriotic American to greater zeal and greater service to-day. *Illustrated. Net $1.00.*
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A Selected List of Books for the Young (Continued)

FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

***The Roots of the War: A Non-Technical History of Europe, 1870–1914.** By William Stearns Davis, William Anderson, and Mason W. Tyler. Century Co., N. Y. $1.50.

A very readable and informing account of the political developments since the Franco-Prussian War. Clear and authoritative.

Cavalry of the Clouds. By Captain Alan Bott, M.C. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.25.

One of the first books about fighting in the air. Depicts the daily life of the flying officers in France; describes heroism modestly and without exaggeration, yet vividly and truthfully.

***With the Flying Squadron.** By Harold Rosher. Introduction by Arnold Bennett. Macmillan Co., N. Y. $1.25.

Letters from an English pilot to his family. In spite of his tender years, the author had a remarkably mature sense of responsibility and sober outlook. "He died at work, at 22 years." An inspiration to youth.

***High Adventure.** By James Norman Hall. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.50.

Well-written, thrilling adventures of an American airman; fine sentiment.

The First Hundred Thousand. All In It. K 1 Carries On. By Ian Hay Beith. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $1.50 each.

Vivid and realistic accounts, full of humor and human interest.

Over There with the Australians. By Captain R. Hugh Knyvett, Anzac Scout. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. $1.50.

Brilliant narrative; story of Australians' part in the war from the unusual angle of an intelligence officer.

Carry On: Letters in Wartime. The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. John Lane Co., N. Y. $1 each.

Inspiring records of the performances and emotions of the soldier in action. Though imbued with lofty sentiment, they will appeal to the young. Reveal a magnanimous and heroic spirit.

From Bapaume to Passchendaele. By Philip Gibbs. G. H. Doran Co., N. Y. $2.50.

Journalistic, but vivid and authoritative. "A clarifying panoramic view of the wide sweep of the war itself, knit of innumerable close-ups."

Fighting Starvation in Belgium. By Vernon Kellogg, of the Commission for the Relief of Belgium. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.25.

Conditions in Belgium before and after the invasion, and the work of organized relief, introducing Herbert Hoover. Authentic, sympathetic, and informing, as well as interesting.

The Doctor's Part. By Col. James R. Church, M.D. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. $1.50.

Treatment of the wounded men; details and incidents. Work of the Red Cross and of other relief agencies.

***Home Fires in France.** By Dorothy Canfield. Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. $1.35.

Short stories of French life and incident in the region swept by the war.

Finding Themselves: The Letters of an American Chief Nurse in a British Hospital in France. By Julia C. Stimson. Macmillan Co., N. Y. $1.25.

Stories of work at base hospitals, etc., especially from the view-point of the nurse.

POEMS AND PICTURES OF THE WAR

From the Front. Collection of 86 Poems. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. $1.

Real trench verse, voicing forth the spirit of the defenders of democracy.

In Flanders' Fields. By Lieut.-Col. John McCrae. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. $1.25.

Inspiring poems, full of fine, tender sentiment.

Poems of the Great War. Selected by J. W. Cunliffe. Macmillan Co., N. Y. $1.50.

Excellent collection; includes John Masefield, Edith Wharton, etc.

Treasury of War Poetry. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2.

A very interesting collection from Kipling, Alfred Noyes, Rupert Brooke, and many others.

The Muse in Arms. Edited by E. B. Osborn. F. A. Stokes Co., N. Y. $2.

A well-arranged, representative collection of war poems.

Fragments from France. By Bruce Bairnsfather. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. $1.75.

Sketches and drawings depicting the humor and pathos of the soldier's life.

Raemaekers's Cartoon History of the War. Compiled by J. Murray Allison. Century Co., N. Y. $1.50.

First of the series of four volumes of these famous war drawings in chronological order. Covers the first twelve months of the war.

Joseph Pennell's Pictures of War Work in England. In America. J. B. Lippincott Co., Phila. $1.50 each.

Striking views, with comments by the artist, of the industrial aspects of the war's tremendous activities. "As impressive as cathedrals."

Scribner Gift Books

The Great Adventure

Present Day Studies in American Nationalism

By Theodore Roosevelt

"He who intelligently and fair-mindedly reads this volume will be impressed by its permanent value, sobriety, and deliberation of thought and by the scope of its vision both in time and in place."—New York *Tribune*. $1.00 *net*

The City of Trouble

Petrograd Since the Revolution

By Meriel Buchanan

"A book which has not been surpassed by any other on its subject for vivacity, sympathy, dramatic fire and the magic of artistic expression. . . . Tourgeniff himself could not more perfectly have epitomised the story of the Russian counter-revolution."—New York *Tribune*. $1.35 *net*

Soldier Silhouettes On Our Front

The Moving Experience of a Y. M. C. A. Worker with the A. E. F.

By William L. Stidger

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Byways in Southern Tuscany

By Katharine Hooker

"Almost like an echo from the past comes this fascinating volume on the 'Byways in Southern Tuscany.' Charmingly illustrated with sketches in black-and-white and photographs in half-tone, Miss Hooker's impressions and descriptions of Southern Tuscany makes a fascinating appeal." — Boston *Transcript*. *Illustrated*. $3.50 *net*

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It is a wonderfully informative, impressive, and often thrilling narrative in which savage peoples and all but unknown animals largely figure, which forms an infinitely readable book and one of rare value.

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Crosses of War

By Mary R. S. Andrews

Poems of war and patriotism by Mary R. S. Andrews, the author of the famous Lincoln story, "The Perfect Tribute." 75 *cents net*

FICTION

Simple Souls

By John Hastings Turner

"Well, read it, and read it again, and keep it carefully for many future rereadings; and, please, be just a little grateful to the present reviewer for directing your attention to one of the authentic masterpieces of this year's fiction."—Willis Fletcher Johnson, in the New York *Tribune*. $1.35 *net*

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"In 'Lovers of Louisiana' we step once more upon the enchanted ground of the romancer's fancy. For lovers of fine romance it holds not a dull moment."—*The Bookman*. $1.50 *net*

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"The alluring train of the eternal vagabond runs through it all, and lends witchery and idealism to the scenes." Philadelphia *North American*. *Illustrated*. $1.50 *net*

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The Mysterious Island

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By Louis Dodge

"He has produced a book for children that has more of the qualities of J. M. Barrie at his tenderest than anything which has yet been produced in America."—*Philadelphia Ledger*. *With colored page illustrations by Paul Bransom*. $2.00 *net*

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Here, almost coincident with the end of the war, is the book which the most sanguine did not expect for at least another year. Here, close upon the events it records, is the first complete political history of America's part in the war. Not a collection of articles—not an array of inanimate statistics, but an authentic, coherent narrative written by one of the most distinguished living historians.

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An interesting feature of the book is that describing the shifting attitude of Americans towards the war during the early part. There is no other book that covers, in any such degree of comprehensiveness or interest, the political, diplomatic and military developments in America during the past four years. There can be no other book which will handle so tremendous a subject more satisfactorily or more completely than this of Professor McMaster's. "It must have an enviably commanding rank among the permanent records of the war."—*New York Tribune.* 8vo, with map. $3.00 net.

The Writing and Reading of Verse

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A practical discussion of the forms use in the writing of English poetry and the means whereby various metrical and emotional effects are obtained. There are many definitions and examples and a sketch of the developments of all the important forms in modern English. Of particular interest are the chapters on *vers libre* and on old French verse forms, which contain much valuable material never before collected. 8vo. $2.00 net.

Psychic Tendencies of Today

By ALFRED W. MARTIN

Contending that modern materialism supports the belief in immortality, Dr. Martin discusses impartially the new psychic movements — Spiritualism, Psychic Research, Theosophy, Christian Science and New Thought. The book is constructive throughout and should prove of value to all thinking people regardless of their faith or belief. The volume includes a study of Sir Oliver Lodge's book, "Raymond." 12mo. $1.50 net.

These are Appleton Books

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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Ashton-Kirk Criminologist. By John T. McIntyre. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.40.

Colette Baudoche. The Story of a Young Girl of Metz. By Maurice Barrès. Translation and Foreword by Frances Wilson Huard. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Eyes of Asia (The). By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.

Not for a long time has Mr. Kipling written anything which has had so much of the old charm of his early tales of India as is found in these fictitious letters supposed to be written by East Indian soldiers engaged in the present war to relatives at home. Some are from France; one or more from an English hospital. It is exceedingly interesting to get into the mind, so to speak, of such a man, and to see the war and the wonders of France and England as they appear to him. There is humor in the little book; there is also much that throws light on the loyalty of the Indian soldier to the Empire.

Laughing Girl (The). By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

One rejoices to find that in this tale Mr. Chambers returns to the lighter vein of writing in which he made some notable successes in the earlier part of his career as a novelist. The book has a war plot, but it is essentially gay and romantic in its situations, talk, and characters.

Once on the Summer Range. By Francis Hill. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The romantic flavor of the title hardly suggests the tense dramatic situation of the novel. The action takes place on a Montana ranch, but the people and the plot are far removed from the ordinary "Wild West" romance. The feeling is sincere and moving. The quality of the writing is distinctive and unusual. In the nature of the tragedy one is reminded a little of the late Vaughn Moody's "Great Divide." Out of the tragedy comes the serenity of accepted fate, although not the commonplace "happy ending."

Out of the Silences. By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Miss Waller will be remembered as the author of that exceedingly popular story "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus." The present novel is a tale of life in western Canada and deals largely with the adventures of a boy who gains knowledge of the ways of the Cree Indians, of what life means, and of what exists outside his little circle of observation from a quaint and wise saddle-maker, who is really the chief character of the book. In the end the boy finds his way into the outside world and meets with love and success through the ideals he has thus absorbed.

"Shavings." By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

"Shavings," otherwise "Jed," short for Jedidah, is the one and only live character in this new story by a popular writer, with the single exception of a delightful little girl. Plot, action, and people might all be eliminated and, if "Shavings" was left, the book would still be immensely enjoyable. Everybody in the little Cape Cod village where "Shavings" lived considered him queer and cranky, but he was in fact wise, sweet-natured, and so keen in his comments on bores and humbugs that his

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The New Books (Continued)

gentle irony passed harmlessly over their heads. He was a maker of toy windmills and toy animals, and his quaint little shop was a gathering-place where war issues and other things were talked of. There is a double love interest in the story, but, after all, it is "Shavings" that makes the book amusing and clever.

Skipper John of the Nimbus. By Raymond McFarland. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

A lively, exciting story of Gloucester and the fishing banks. It will hold the boy reader, but it is well adapted also to the mature reader who loves a tale of adventure.

Tales of War. By Lord Dunsany. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The well-known English dramatist who writes these sketches has the gift of true imagination. Some of his pictures of war are over-subtle, but it is always worth while to read them carefully, because each culminates in a vision or a lesson that is true. Lord Dunsany is unsparing in his exposure of the German spirit and the German purpose, but he always strikes with a rapier, never with a bludgeon.

White Nights, and Other Stories. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

A new collection of short stories by the famous Russian novelist whose leadership among the realists of fiction is undisputed.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

After They Came Out of the Ark. Told and Pictured by E. Boyd Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Book of Elves and Fairies (The). For Story-Telling and Reading Aloud, and for the Children's Own Reading. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said (The). By Padraic Colum. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Imaginative children will like these quaint tales, some of them on familiar themes, like "The King of All Birds," and others new to most American readers. The pictures are particularly successful in catching the author's spirit.

Canadian Wonder Tales. By Cyrus Macmillan. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.

This book should interest child and grown-up alike. The tales recounted in it represent the folk-lore of various parts of Canada. Many of the stories, we are told, are still reverently believed by the Canadian Indians. The author has taken them from the lips of living people—stories handed down by oral tradition from some far-off past. They are mostly animal stories with all the fascinating features of magic, transformation, articulate speech, from the animals, and the interchange of kindly offices between man and beast. The volume is well illustrated.

Dutch Fairy Tales for Young Folks. By William Elliot Griffis. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.25.

A sheaf of delightful fairy stories from Holland, which abounds in legend and child-lore. These are capital reading, with drollness as well as slyly indicated lessons of courage, thrift, and sturdy self-reliance.

English Fairy Tales. Retold by Flora Annie Steel. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Famous Pictures of Real Animals. By Lorinda Munson Bryant. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

This is a book that any art lover who wishes his children to love art may well own and treasure. It tells the story of animal life as it appears in art, by famous

America's Own War Book

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BIOGRAPHY

Far Away and Long Ago. By W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Hudson, whose books of fiction and of nature study have long been admired by a discriminating, if not a very large, body of readers, gives us here a retrospect of his life, and especially of his early days, written with charm and gentle simplicity. He was born and lived for a long time in the pampas region of South America. Because of the loneliness of the country his mind naturally turned when he was a mere child to observation of nature. He loved birds and trees, and he talks about them and about the few people he saw with poetic feeling. The book deserves a place on any shelf of biography alongside "The Story of My Heart," by the English naturalist Richard Jefferies.

Georges Guynemer, Knight of the Air. By Henry Bordeaux. Illustrated. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.60.

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Perhaps never before has attention been turned more to the past, especially to the recent past, than in these times when we are so thoroughly living in the present. This is particularly true of personal reminiscences. The present collection of such reminiscences is worth reading because it describes what the author calls "The Suicide of Monarchies." It has special reference to Nicholas II and William II. The author was well acquainted with these characters, and is ruthless in exposing their weaknesses. The feebleness of Nicholas eliminated the Romanoffs from the throne, and the author prophesies that "the insensate, egoistical, and dynastic policy of William will inevitably eliminate the Hohenzollerns from among the monarchies." The prophecy seems already to have been fulfilled.

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Yvette Guilbert is a name to conjure with. Her peculiarly dramatic interpretation has won for her a place all her own. The present volume gives us an idea of her penetrating faculties of observation and sympathy as well as what it means to perfect the technique of an art. The book will doubtless have the greater reading because much of it, unconsciously, is autobiographical.

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Asia Minor. By Walter A. Hawley. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.50.

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Modern and Contemporary European History. By J. Salwyn Schapiro, Ph.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

These are days of history making. But by the same token these ought to be days of history reading. The period which began with the Battle of Waterloo and is ending with the present world war constitutes modern history. In his task the historian has certainly had the embarrassment of riches. His work shows a fine sense of selection. An informative appendix, a very rich bibliography, and an ample index add much to the volume's value.

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Spirit Lake Massacre (The). By Thomas Teakle. The State Historical Society of Iowa, Iowa City.

This creditable example of book-making from an Iowa press will be welcome to all Iowans interested in the history of their great State. It tells in minute detail the story of a melancholy chapter in the winning of the West from the aborigines. It is

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The New Books (Continued)

interesting to know that one witness of the massacre, a child at the time, still survives, and that in the original log cabin of her parents the visitor may to-day hear from her the story of those dark days of 1857.

Understanding South America. By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

To most of us North Americans Latin America is still an unknown country. Queer prejudices obtain with regard to the great region to the south of us. They obtain not only here but in Europe—we have had recently German testimony to the fact that the Latin-Americans were "thinly veiled Indians." A book like Mr. Cooper's should set us right about a number of things. Indeed, it may show us that some South Americans are superior to some North Americans, both as to ideals of living and as to manner of life in general. We should not judge foreign nations so much according to intolerant standards. After all, the world is one and "we are members one of another."

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Jewish Theology Systematically and Historically Considered. By Dr. K. Kohler. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

The author has been for many years President of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati. The book is the pioneer work in English on its subject. Covering the whole ground of Jewish belief, it stands for progressive Judaism. It regards Revelation as "a continuous force in shaping and reshaping the Jewish faith." In free criticism of the Hebrew Scriptures it is abreast of its most advanced Christian compeers. Its wide divergence from them appears in its treatment of the Christian Scriptures. Here it sides with non-Christian extremists who reduce Christology to mythology. It confesses, "nevertheless," that Judaism could never have achieved for the heathen world what Christianity accomplished, "enriching life in all directions" and "leading civilization forward toward ideals which it will take centuries to realize."

Shorter Bible (The)—The New Testament. Translated and Arranged by Charles Foster Kent, with the Collaboration of Charles Cutler Torrey, Henry A. Sherman, Frederick Harris, and Ethel Cutler. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1918. $1.

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The New Testament substantially as we now have it existed at the beginning of the second century. It was, and is, composed of various writings by different authors, arranged and classified as we now have them in what is in form a book, but is in reality a library. The Sermon on the Mount is represented in this New Testament as preached at the time of the call of the twelve Apostles for the purpose of explaining the nature of the kingdom of God which Christ had come to establish. Some modern scholars think that it was not preached at that time, but is composed of various utterances brought together by Matthew into one discourse. This apparently is the hypothesis which the editors of this edition have adopted, for the Sermon on the Mount is cut up into different paragraphs and printed among the teachings of Jesus, and neither connected with each other nor with the occasion which according to the New Testament gave it birth. This is what we mean by saying that this book is not a shorter New Testament, but a rearranged New Testament. It will be useful for practical and devotional reading, but it will not give the reader a correct idea of the New Testament as it existed in the beginning of the second century.

Twentieth Century Crusade (The). By Lyman Abbott. The Macmillan Company, New York. 60c.

The purpose of this little volume of talks, cast in the form of letters, is indicated by Dr. Abbott when he says: "It is written not only for the soldiers in the air, in the field, or on the sea, not only for the wounded in the hospitals, the maimed and handicapped returning home, and the dying slipping away to their long home through death's bright portal, but for the fathers and mothers who have caught the spirit of the All-Father and have given a son or a daughter, perhaps more than one, that the world may be saved by love's greatest sacrifice."

WAR BOOKS

America in the War. By Louis Raemaekers. The Century Company, New York. $3.

Probably no cartoonist during the late war has risen to greater fame than the Dutchman Louis Raemaekers. His scathing sarcasm is well emphasized in the present volume, which consists of more than a hundred of his cartoons accompanied by as many pages of text, some of which has been written by Mr. Howells, Senator Lodge, Dr. Lyman Abbott, ex-Ambassadors Herrick and Gerard, ex-Secretary Garrison, Mr. John Jay Chapman, the Rev. Hugh Black, Admiral Peary, and many others. The text forms a desirable anthology of patriotic opinion. As "Punch's" "Life of Queen Victoria" and "Life of Gladstone" not only furnish entertainment but are among the precious historical sources concerning the epoch in which those two characters lived, so, for the epoch now closing, this volume, reflecting the psychology of America in the war, will be useful as a book of reference.

City of Trouble (The). By Meriel Buchanan. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

The tragedy of Petrograd after the revolution is exactly expressed in the title of this tensely written narrative. Miss Buchanan is the daughter of Sir George Buchanan, who was the British Ambassador at Petrograd for nearly eight years; he took a prominent and humane part in saving what could be saved from the wreck of the much-troubled city. Naturally the

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The New Books (Continued)

author had every possible opportunity to know and to see what took place. Her descriptions are graphic and abound in incidents which move and stir the heart. Many books have been written about the Revolution; this one certainly should not be passed by unread.

Cradle of the War (The). The Near East and Pan-Germanism. By H. Charles Woods, F.R.G.S. With a Foreword by A. Lawrence Lowell. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

Dictionary of Military Terms (A). By Edward S. Farrow. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

General's Letter to His Son (A). On Obtaining His Commission. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.

Germany as It Is Today. By Cyril Brown. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

Illusions and Realities of the War. By Francis Grierson. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25.

Luxemburg and Her Neighbors. By Ruth Putnam. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Miss Ruth Putnam, whose biographies of Charles the Bold and William the Silent may be regarded as "standard," now publishes a history of Luxemburg, a book which should find equal favor. Four years and more ago, despite a neutrality treaty which should have protected its territory, and despite the protest of the Luxemburg Government, the German army crossed the territory of that Grand Duchy. Since then Luxemburg has been practically a part of Germany. The violation of Luxemburg territory, in our opinion, was as much a cause for war as was the violation of Belgian territory. Why was it not more of a violation—since Luxemburg was helpless and could not defend her rights? We turn page after page of this interesting history to the end to see whether Miss Putnam will not answer certain current questions, as, for instance, "Why did not England, a signatory to the Luxemburg neutrality treaty, immediately protest?" And yet our own Government, a signatory to the Hague Convention (which promised that the territory of neutral states should be inviolable) did not protest.

On the Fringe of the Great Fight. By Colonel George G. Nasmith, C.M.G. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

Our Navy in the War. By Lawrence Perry. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Red Battle Flyer (The). By Captain Manfred Freiherr von Richthofen. Translated by T. Ellis Barker. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.25.

Roumania Yesterday and To-Day. Mrs. Will Gordon, F.R.G.S. Introduction and Two Chapters by H. M. the Queen of Roumania. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

If there is one woman more than another who stands out heroically in this war, it is Queen Marie of Rumania. In its hour of trial she has been of inestimable worth to her adopted country. No one better appreciates than she that, while Belgium and Serbia have suffered terribly, the lot of Rumania has been peculiarly tragic because she was brought into the conflict by Russian treachery—and then Russia remorselessly abandoned her! The Queen has furnished many photographs for the illustrations in the present volume and has also written an Introduction—a poignant and yet inspiring human document. The Queen tells us that, with her fleeing people, "I too had to leave a home I loved, I too had to flee before the invading foe, had to forsake the new-made grave of the little one who was torn

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from me whilst the enemy was flooding my land on every side." In the thirteen pages following this quotation the Queen tells the world, in language which haunts, of what her people are suffering.

Rumania's Sacrifice: Her Past, Present and Future. By Gogu Negulesco. Translated by Mrs. C. de S. Wainright. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

Soldier Silhouettes on Our Front. By William L. Stidger. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Readers of The Outlook will recognize some of the articles here included as having appeared in its columns. The author, in his work as a Y. M. C. A. representative in France, met with experiences well worth recording. He has the gift of seeing what is typical and suggestive in the life of the soldier, and has succeeded admirably in his object, which "has been to give the father and mother, the brother and sister, the wife and child and friend, of the boys 'over there' an accurate heart picture."

Village (The): Russian Impressions. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This book breathes the very spirit of the Revolution as it affected the life of a small Russian village. It is made up of conversations with peasants, artisans, and the few professional men of the place. It brings us close to the heart of rural Russia amid the throes of the present social turmoil.

Wake Up America! By Mark Sullivan. The Macmillan Company, New York. 60c.

What is the German Nation Dying For? By Karl Ludwig Krause. Translated by Adèle Szold Seltzer. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.50.

Herr Krause maintains that his country's defeat was needed not only for the good of the world but for the good of the German people. So far from being enemies of Germany, then, the Allied democratic nations, protests this author, are not enemies; "on the contrary, they want to help us drive from our shores the bloody horror of autocracy." He adds that "our western brothers" were not fighting against the German people as such, but against those in the German saddle who were enslaving and oppressing the German nation and who, as though that were not enough, were also trying to enslave and oppress other nations. As to the overturn now taking place in Germany, Herr Krause is skeptical; he prophesies that the Socialists will expose themselves to the charge of caring as little for the people's sufferings as do the other parties. Nevertheless the land of the Junkers, he asserts, must be divided among the peasants. Despite its vulgarly familiar and exasperatingly hectic tone, the book is one of the remarkable testimonies to German democracy produced during the late war.

SCIENCE

Biology of War (The). By Dr. G. F. Nicolai. Translated by Constance A. Grande and Julian Grande. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

Knowing Insects Through Stories. By Floyd Bralliar. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.60.

Men of the Old Stone Age. Their Environment, Life, and Art. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Illustrated. Third Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

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Expressive English. By James C. Fernald, L.H.D. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. $1.60.

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terest and help both the younger student and the seasoned grammatical expert.

Negro in Literature and Art (The) in the United States. By Benjamin Brawley. Illustrated. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.35.

Our National Forests. By Richard H. Donai Boerker, M.S.F., Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Appearing in a season when the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin have just lost a thousand lives and immense value in property through forest fires, the present volume certainly has a tragic timeliness. While the average annual loss of human life in our forests is less than one-tenth of what was swept away the other day in Minnesota and Wisconsin, the direct and indirect losses from forest fires run close to half a billion dollars every year. Again, the dreadfully reckless cutting in our forests, directly affecting the water flow, has shown us the necessity of National ownership and control of forest reserves, especially on watersheds. The present volume describes our National Forests, and the author writes from his own experience of more than ten years in Federal forestry. We only wish that he wrote in a more sprightly manner.

Young Woman Citizen (The). By Mary Austin. The Woman's Press, New York. $1.35.

This book is not a manual for the new voter, as might be assumed from the title, but is an interesting and pertinent contribution to the sociological discussion of the time. Its thoughtful chapters can be read with profit by women of all ages and by men too.

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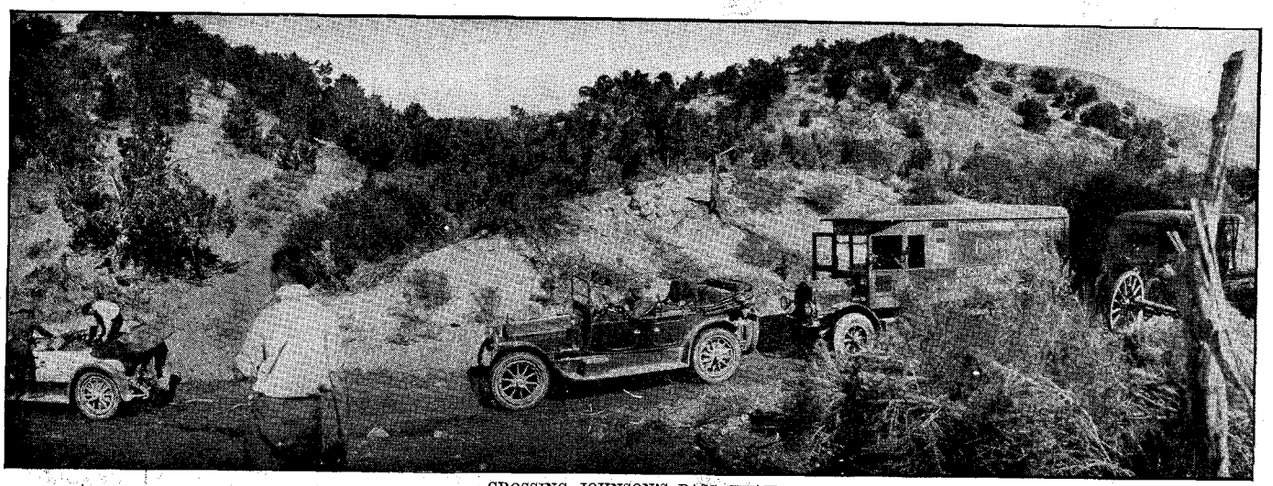

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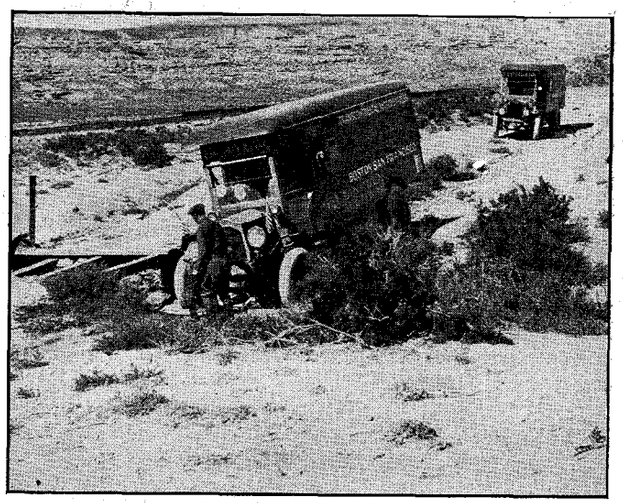
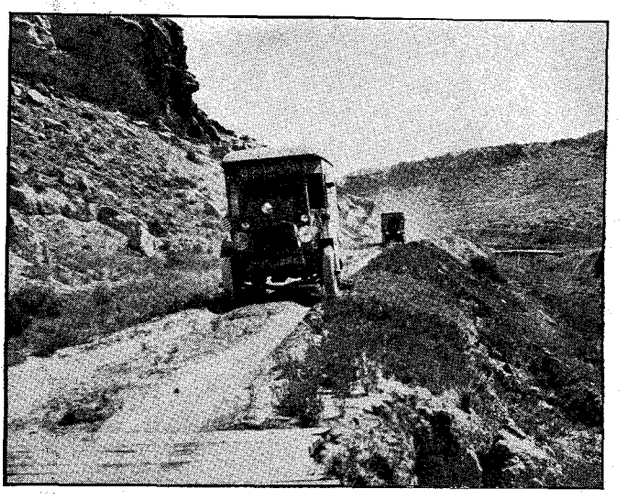
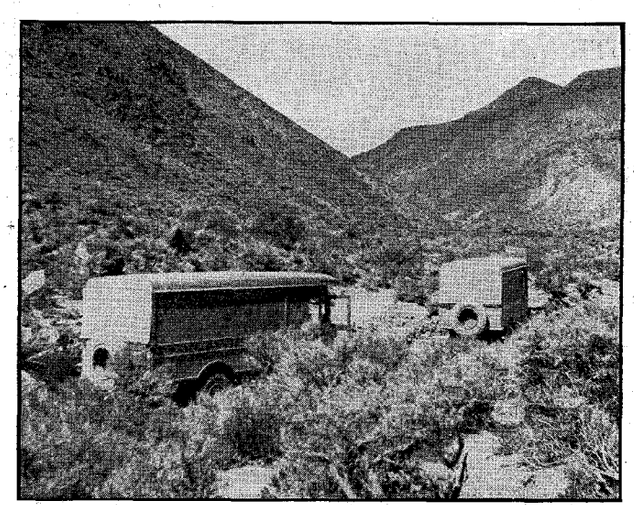


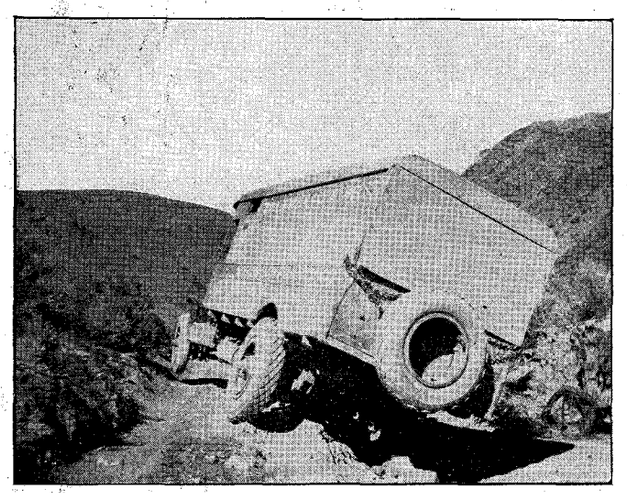
A BAD BRIDGE IN ARIZONA



ON THE OLD UNION PACIFIC RIGHT OF WAY IN WYOMING



IN NEW PASS CANYON, NEVADA



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A REMARKABLE trip across the continent from Boston to San Francisco and return was recently completed by two five-ton trucks operated by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio. These trucks left Boston on September 21 loaded with airplane tires, which were delivered in San Diego twenty-one days later. On the return trip the trucks went through Arizona, where they loaded with cotton to be delivered in the East.

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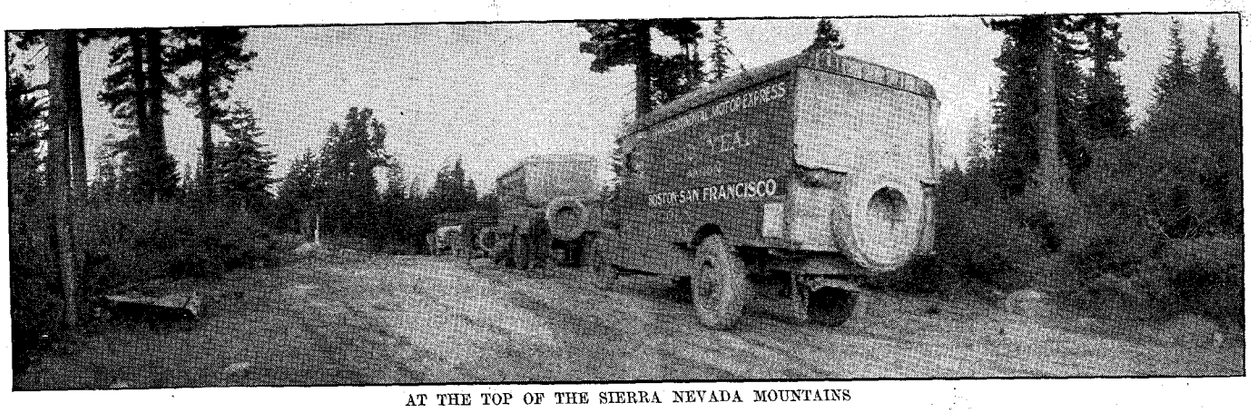
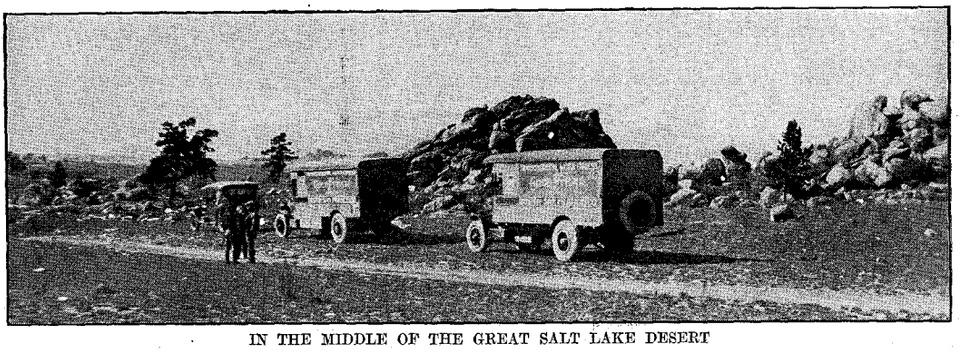
BY MOTOR TRUCK

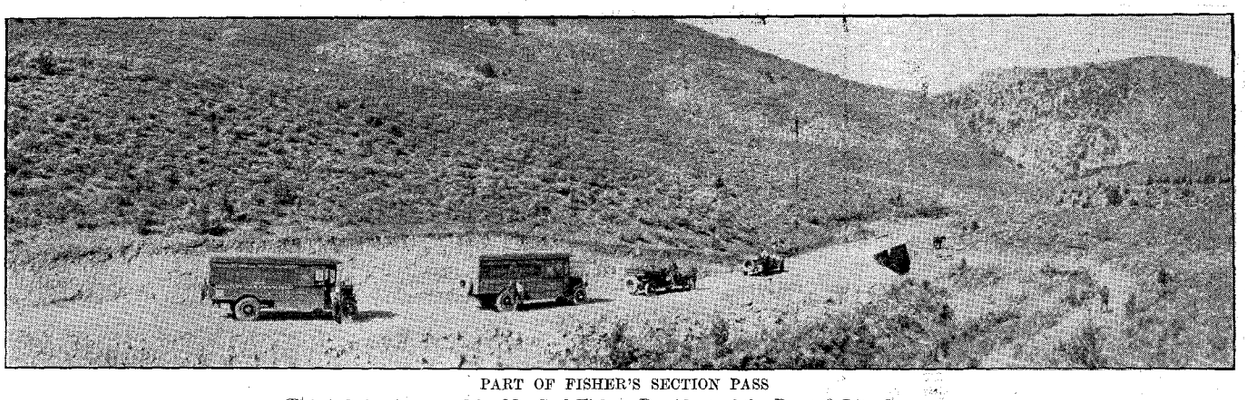


AT THE TOP OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

THE OLD AND THE NEW



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE DESERT



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Each truck carried two drivers and was so equipped that one man could sleep while the other drove.

Going west the trip to San Francisco was made in twenty days and the actual running time was about twelve and a half days, with an average speed of fourteen miles an hour.

The accompanying photographs show the trucks at various interesting points on their westward trip and some of the road conditions that were encountered.

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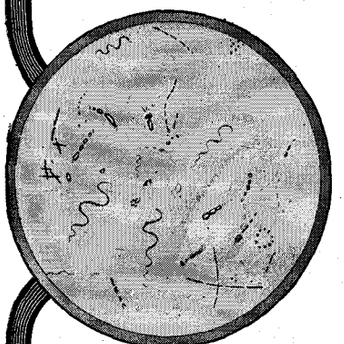
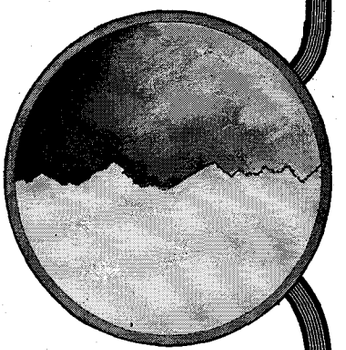
Can Rust be Invisible?



Yes—to the naked eye—just as germs are. Did you ever see a germ except through a microscope?



GERMS. Seen through Microscope

RAZOR EDGE. Seen through Microscope

Not so long ago people didn't believe in *germs*—because germs couldn't be seen. Some men still think a razor edge doesn't rust—because the rust is invisible to the naked eye.

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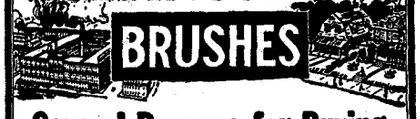
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES



Several Reasons for Buying WHITING-ADAMS Vulcan Rubber Cemented Brushes

1st. The bristles and hair are highest grade, prepared for use by the WHITING-ADAMS method, which retains toughness, elasticity and a velvet softness of ends. This makes the part of a brush that is used, perfect in quality and long wearing.

2nd. Every bristle and hair is held by pure, best quality RUBBER; no fake, coal tar, chemical imitation of rubber is used in our factory. "Rubber" means PURE RUBBER in all WHITING-ADAMS VULCAN RUBBER *CEMENTED* BRUSHES. The butts of bristles or hair are completely saturated and surrounded with STRICTLY PURE RUBBER in semi-liquid state, and then vulcanized hard as granite.

3rd. WHITING-ADAMS Brushes cost little and wear long. Our large volume of business reduces cost of manufacture to lowest point, and selling prices are made near to cost.

4th. Manufacturing brushes as we have for over 108 years means that we know brushes, and users of our brushes receive the full benefit of our brush knowledge.

Send for Illustrated Literature

John L. Whiting-J. J. Adams Co.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Whiting-Adams Brushes awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, the highest award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

SORE throat, coughing, hoarseness, loss of voice, bronchial and asthmatic troubles are quickly relieved with Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Not a confection but a genuine remedy with seventy years of success back of it. Contain no opiates or other harmful ingredients, hence are especially fine for adults and children.

May be carried in vanity case or vest pocket.

Four sizes, 15c, 35c, 75c & $1.25 at all druggists.

John I. Brown & Son
Boston, Mass.

Safe
Handy
Dependable

IN MEMORIAM

CAPTAIN ARTHUR HAMM, 326TH INFANTRY

Who died in France on September 14, leading a night attack on the southern flank of the salient

In The Outlook of October 23 there was published a sonnet entitled "The Captain," by the Rev. J. Brainerd Thrall, of Asheville, North Carolina. Mr. Thrall tells us that his poem has brought a large and sympathetic correspondence. Among these letters was one from the wife of an American soldier, Captain Arthur Hamm. She felt, as Mr. Thrall intended all the readers of his poem to feel, that his tribute was paid to every American captain, or, for that matter, to every captain of the Allies who has died for liberty. In her letter Mrs. Hamm said: "And so I thank you for writing so beautiful a sonnet about him, and though I am not a poet at all, I am going to send you a bit of verse, written 'out of the depths,' to exchange just this word with you—a stranger (but are we who have given so much really strangers any more?)—about Our Captains." We take the liberty of publishing these lines by this captain's wife, Elizabeth Hamm, because they express so clearly the glorious and beautiful sacrifice which American women have made in this war.—THE EDITORS.

How I remember that still night at Upton!
Silent the streets, and yet at dawn
A regiment would sail for France.
See there! Dim lines of ghosts they go,
With packs and bedding-rolls, fantastic shapes
Against the moonlit sky.
We stood apart from that slow-moving throng,
My own beloved Captain and myself,
Until at last with broken voice he said:
"Dear, I must go. My men are waiting, I *must* go."
Ah, then I could no longer hold in check
The sob that ached and burned within my throat.
He clasped me close with arms that shook a little, whispering,
"Darling, a man can do no less!
Tell me the truth now, would you have it otherwise?"
I lifted up my head, and smiled as I said,
"*No!*"
And so he left me, chin held high, step firm,
His slender boyish figure proud and sweet.
Before he turned the corner by his barracks
Once he looked back, and waved a brave farewell.
"Now," writes his colonel, "his bright beauty lies
Under heaped flowers gathered by his men.
Not white flowers only, but blue and gold and red,
Brave colors that he loved,—the flag he died for
Wrapped to the last about his still young form.
Smiling and gallant he both lived and died."
Again I hear, but clear and far and sweet,
"Dear, would you have it otherwise?"
And from my heart, a soldier's wife, I answer, "No,—
No, Love! But, ah, dear God,—a man can do no more!"

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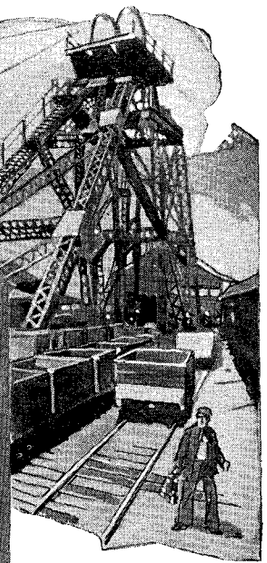
Prominent coal companies use Art Metal



THE bigger a concern, the more certain it is that its office equipment will be the very best obtainable. Here are but a few of the leading coal companies who are users of ART METAL:

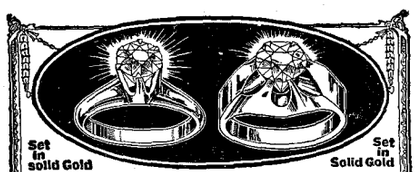
Pittsburgh Coal Co.
Interstate Coal & Dock Co.
Aetna Coal & Mining Co.
Pennsylvania Coal & Coke Co.
H. C. Frick Coke Co.
Virginia Iron Coal & Coke Co.
Midlothian Coal Co.
United Coal Co.

ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO.
JAMESTOWN . . . . . NEW YORK
Originators of Steel Equipment . . . Founded 1887
Branch offices and agents in all principal cities

this advertisement is number 29 of a series

Art Metal

Steel Office Furniture, Safes and Files



Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 2439, Chicago

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance to develop into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 39 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS

When you notify The Outlook of a change in your address, both the old and the new address should be given. Kindly write, if possible, two weeks before the change is to take effect.

U. S. Army or Navy
Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Allied Organizations

Letters of Credit, which are the safest and most convenient medium for carrying funds, are issued by us, ***free of commission,*** to those engaged in war work.

We have also sent our American representative to France for the convenience of our friends, with headquarters at the office of the Credit Commercial de France, 20 Rue Lafayette, Paris.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.
Philadelphia NEW YORK Boston

BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY
Founders Court, Lothbury LONDON, E. C.
Office for Travelers 123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

Famous since 1867—the choice today

Durable · Luxurious Beautiful · Warm

Chase Plush Robes will outwear, many times over, other woven robes—remaining fast in color and intact over a long period of severe usage.

They Protect Like the Coat of Fur on Animals

Made of the choicest materials—nothing for dust or germs to adhere to—sanitary and easily cleansed. Scores of unique, wonderful patterns.

AT YOUR DEALER'S—WRITE FOR CATALOG

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON
NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO
Leaders in Manufacturing Since 1847

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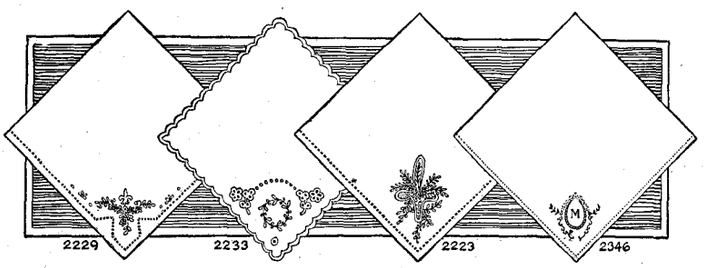
Women's Hand-Embroidered and Initialed 50c each.



McCutcheon's

Christmas Handkerchiefs for Men and Women

IN THIS YEAR of useful gifts, we suggest Pure Linen Handkerchiefs from "The Linen Store" as most appropriate remembrances for both men and women.

We have never had a finer selection of Handkerchiefs, of all kinds—plain, Hand-Embroidered, and Initialed—than is now on display on our Main Floor.

Holiday Handkerchief purchases will be packed in McCutcheon "Spinning Wheel" boxes upon request.

For Women

A fine selection from which to choose.

Swiss, Hand-Embroidered, 50c, 65, 75, $1.00 each and up.

Spanish, Hand-Embroidered, 35c, 50, 65, 75, $1.00 each and up.

Irish, Hand-Embroidered, 25c, 35, 50, 75, $1.00 each and up.

Madeira, Hand-Embroidered, 35c, 50, 75, 85, $1.00 each and up.

Initialed, $3.00, 4.00, 6.00, 7.80 per dozen and up.

Reg. Trade-Mark

For Men

Good, serviceable Handkerchiefs, initialed or with Cord, Cross-bar and Tape effects, that are sure to please "Him."

Initialed, $6.00, 7.80, 9.00, 12.00, per dozen and up.

Plain Hemstitched, $4.00, 6.00, 7.50, 9.00 per dozen and up.

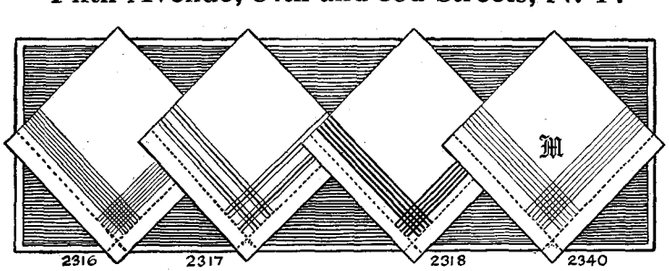
Generous in size, wide or narrow hems.

Khaki Linen for Army Men, 65c and 75 each.

MAIL ORDER SERVICE: Any of the Handkerchiefs described or illustrated may be ordered with complete satisfaction through our Mail Order Service.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Streets, N. Y.



Men's, Cord effects and Initialed, 75c each.

COMRADES IN COURAGE

By LIEUT. ANTOINE REDIER

ONE of the three truly great books that the war has brought forth in France both as a literary achievement and as a popular success.

Believing that many readers of The Outlook would like to have and preserve this thrilling and interesting story of the war, we have made a special arrangement with the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., which enables us to offer it in combination with a year's subscription to The Outlook at the special price of $4.50 for the two. The retail price of the book alone is $1.40, net. It is attractively bound in cloth, and will make a most welcome Christmas gift. Only a limited number of volumes are at our disposal for this special offer, and the supply will soon be exhausted. Therefore it is important that you should send your order at once if you wish to secure one of these books at the special combination price named.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

BY THE WAY

Attentive readers of The Outlook will remember that in our issue of October 23 a letter was printed in this column from Michael, our one-time "printer's devil," now a soldier in France. A later letter from Michael tells in simple language that he has been wounded: "While we were fighting in the Cambrai and St. Quentin sectors I received a bullet in my lower left leg. It made three separate holes in it; and I believe it must have been an explosive bullet. I sustained a compound fracture of the fibula, but it tends to a speedy recovery, so the doctor and the sisters say. I have been laid up for a month to-day. I got it on Sunday, September 29." The offensive during which Michael "got it" was one of the biggest of the war—that in which the "Hindenburg line" was broken; and Michael can remember with pride to his last hour that he fought a good fight on one of the most glorious days of the great war.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the English essayist, tells of an innkeeper who in his will set apart the interest on £300 for an annual supper to the newsboys of his town; and of another man who left the interest on £1,000 to pay for "a treat" to certain school-children, "to be in the nature of a surprise." Mr. Lucas himself would like to leave the interest on £1,000 "to that maker of chests-of-drawers whose drawers presented least resistance to the user"!

The power of the five-and-ten-cent stores is shown in the fact that, according to the "Dramatic Mirror," the popular music publishers have not been able to raise the price of their product, "all because the ten-cent stores won't permit it." Popular sheet music, it seems, is a big item in these stores, and as they can't raise their price-limit, the publishers have had so far to keep to the old prices.

Meriel Buchanan, daughter of the former English Ambassador to Russia, tells this story of the anarchy in Petrograd in her book "The City of Trouble:" "A man was stopped by a band of thieves and robbed of his watch and money and his coat. Shivering, he said to one of the robbers, 'You might at least give me your coat in exchange. Mine was new and yours is old, and you can't want both coats.' After some hesitation the thief gave him his dirty old sheepskin coat, which kept the victim from perishing. Arrived at his lodgings, he took off the coat and found in it what was evidently the result of the robber's day: three or four diamond rings and a sum of money far exceeding that of which he had been robbed himself!"

Senator Smith, of Georgia, is reported to have introduced this anecdote as part of an after-dinner speech: "German militarism set out to overrun the world. Before the disasters that have befallen it, however, German militarism must now be feeling a good deal like Cal Clay. Calhoun Clay of Paint Rock was fishing for tarpon in Florida, and he hooked such a big one that it pulled him overboard. As Cal went over the side of the boat and tore through the water in the tarpon's wake he said: 'What Ah wants to know is dis—is dis niggah a-fishin', or dis fish a-niggerin'?"

The American ship-building records for October, a month in which all previous records in any country were surpassed in the deliveries of completed vessels, may

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By the Way (Continued)

well make Americans proud. The Pacific Coast led all sections of the country, with a total of 30 vessels of 190,400 dead-weight tons; the Atlantic Coast yards completed 17 vessels of 102,000 tons; the Great Lakes built 21 vessels of 73,000 tons; and from the Gulf States came 9 vessels of 33,200 tons.

Why has platinum been in such demand during the war? asks "Popular Mechanics," and answers its question thus: "Without the presence of a small amount of platinum, sulphuric acid cannot be formed from oxygen, water, and sulphur dioxide; and sulphuric acid is a vital ingredient in high explosives. For instance, only a comparatively harmless liquid is obtained by mixing glycerine and nitric acid. But when sulphuric acid is added, nitroglycerine is born. In a similar manner, sulphuric acid is needed to make guncotton and TNT." So it comes about that it has been unpatriotic to have much platinum jewelry in one's possession!

For the first time in eighteen years, it is said, a regular barge service has been instituted on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and New Orleans. The steamer Nokomis towed the first fleet of barges, which carried 2,200 tons of wheat and other supplies for France. The great river may thus perhaps again become what it was in the stirring days described by Mark Twain in his book "Life on the Mississippi."

They had been bitter enemies for many years, the "Typographic Messenger" says. At a meeting of their lodge on New Year's eve a mutual friend endeavored to bring about a reconciliation. He succeeded—until the new-made friends were about to part. Then Jenkins took Weller by the hand and said: "All right, Weller, let us be friends. I wish you a happy New Year and all the luck you wish me." "Now! now!" exclaimed Weller, "see! You are already starting mischief again!"

A curious statute of the State of Missouri, passed in 1909, has been declared invalid. It made it unlawful for any person to enter a passenger train while intoxicated, but excepted dining and private cars from the provisions of the act! If the drunken man, it would seem, was sufficiently steady on his legs to find his way to the dining-car, he could board the train.

A unique memorial, according to "American Art News," is to be raised to the memory of Mr. Augustus Link at the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh. It will consist of a glass case in which various specimens of snakes will be exhibited. Mr. Link was employed by the Museum. He was lecturing on serpents before a class in the Carnegie Institute of Technology. He held in his hand a live rattlesnake. "At the close of the lecture," says the paper quoted, "Mr. Link replaced the snake in a glass case, and a few moments later a student called his attention to a spot of blood on the end of one of his fingers. Early the next morning Mr. Link died."

"What took me to Birmingham," says a member of the staff of the London "Sphere," "was to see a play, 'Abraham Lincoln,' by John Drinkwater, the poet.... We see Lincoln as a king among men, always dominating events.... Certainly 'Abraham Lincoln' deserves to be put upon the stage in London, and might possibly, in these days of vivid interest in America, secure a great success."

This year your Christmas giving must be influenced by motives of patriotic conservation. Plants and flowers combine magnificence and beauty with appeal to the higher senses. They are more able conveyers of true sentiment than any man-made creations.

Plants and flowers are *nature's* product. To send them this year as Christmas gifts or New Year's remembrances is practical patriotism. It preserves, *even increases*, the Christmas spirit — it interferes with no government program — it aids your *thrift* efforts, since plants and flowers are comparatively modest in cost.

Visit your florist's shop. See for yourself the exquisite gift creations of the floral craft. You'll be amazed at what may be purchased at a trifling cost.

Do you know that by the use of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service you can have your order delivered in any city anywhere in the United States or Canada in a few hours?

No Pipes to freeze and burst with the

KELSEY HEALTH HEAT

NO such cares and worries.
NO hissing of radiators.
No thumping and banging of pipes.
No noise. No dust. No gas.
Nothing but just a contentment giving; heat producing; warm air heat.
A heat that ventilates when it heats.
Send for Saving Sense Booklet.

THE KELSEY
WARM AIR GENERATOR
230 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW YORK 103-V Park Avenue
CHICAGO 217-V W. Lake St.
BOSTON 405-V P. O. Sq. Bldg.
DETROIT Space 95-V Builders' Exch.

Have the
Vitality, Good Figure
of a Soldier

NOTICE our soldiers and sailors! How *alert*, *active* and *alive!* Eyes *sparkle*; cheeks *glow*; step is *elastic*.
They are most striking examples of what you and other women *can be*.
I have been building up women much as the war has been building our soldiers, for 16 years. I have helped 85,000 women.
Does your figure please you? Do you stand and breathe correctly? If not, I can help you.
If you are thin, frail and "run down" let me help you build up. If you are overweight, let me help you reduce. If afflicted with any sort of chronic ailment, let me help you to adopt the simple, natural treatments to your individual case. My pupils use no drugs, no medicines; they are given the personal directions adapted to each individual's needs.
Leading physicians approve my work. Their wives and daughters are my pupils. Most critical magazines endorse me. You can refer to them.
Shall I tell you more about it? How, by personal correspondence, I treat each pupil in the privacy of her home? I shall be glad to send you this information without charge. If later you want my services, you will find the cost most reasonable.
Good health and a perfect figure are priceless assets. Let me show you how to get them.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 8
624 S. Michigan Av.
Chicago, Ill.

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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San Ysidro Ranch

Bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address Mrs. HARLEIGH JOHNSTON, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, California.

FLORIDA

Winter Guests Accommodations for four. Healthful home, lake, bathing, fishing, hunting, and "booking." Address P. O. Box 125, Avon Park, Fla.

HAVEN BEACH COTTAGES
~~ON THE GOLF~~

Restricted residential resort near famous Belleair Golf Links. Auto service to St. Petersburg and Clearwater. Cottages furnished—all city conveniences. $300 to $600 for season. Surf Bathing. Boating. Fishing. Sea Foods. Fruits. Send for illustrated folder.
Florida Beach Development Co., Box O, Indian Rocks, Fla.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world.
Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O'T-Costello-Mgt.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

offers this season a varied and interesting schedule of sports and pastimes, **golf—trap shooting—racing—riding—driving—motoring—tennis**

CAROLINA HOTEL
now open

Delightful weather in December—like late Fall in New England.

For Reservations or Information address:
General Office, Pinehurst, North Carolina, or LEONARD TUFTS, 282 Congress St., Boston

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
Sanford Hall Flushing New York

Health Resorts

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

"INTERPINES"
Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Apartments

COUPLE desire Small Furnished Apartment in New York Suburb for winter. No children. Must be assured ample heat. Reasonable price. 9,221, Outlook.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

Rural Life Co. Kinderhook, N. Y.
Offers 35 acre farm with tools. Furnished cottage, barns, brook and fruit. Price $3,500.

MONEY-MAKING FARMS—
17 STATES—$10 to $200 acre. Stock, tools, crops often included to settle quickly. Write for big illustrated catalogue. STROUT FARM AGENCY, Dept. 2,716, New York.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

COPLEY CRAFT CHRISTMAS CARDS. Hand-colored, with specially appropriate verses. Sent on approval. Consignments for sales. Discounts to those selling among friends. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS wanted for all departments of school and college work, present and future prospects. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENTS, secretaries, governesses, matrons, dietitians, mothers' helpers, companions, etc. The Wilton Exchange, Box 270, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WANTED—A pleasant, capable woman as working housekeeper in family of two. Country. Address 414, Scarsdale, N. Y.

WANTED—Refined woman as companion to girl of 4. References required. Mrs. J. R. Sanford, Cornwall, Conn.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, Box 5, East Side Station, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

GOVERNESS to take entire charge of two girls, 9 and 6. One who has had previous experience and who can play piano and give preliminary instruction. State reference, age, and salary expected. 6,417, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

GENTLEMAN wants place as manager, secretary, or companion. Bank references of $20,000. Would hire help, tend cuisine, accounts, etc. David H. Wright, 2007 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A lady of refinement, education, and experience desires a position either as registrar in a private school or as a companion-secretary to an elderly lady. Excellent references. 6,419, Outlook.

WIDOW of clergyman desires position as parish assistant or church visitor. Ten years' experience in all lines of church work. Highest references. 6,423, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WIDOW, refined, with child four years, desires position as companion or housekeeper where one or more maids are kept. Out of town preferred. 6,420, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as nursery governess or companion. Ten years' experience. Used to traveling. 6,418, Outlook.

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